OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 8.

Things Theatrical.

Nothing has transpired since our last worthy of particular notice. All three theatres and the Circus appear to be doing a good business. HACKETT's farewell benefit at the Park on Thursday was a bumper; indeed the house has been crammed nightly during the engagement of the Woods.

NEW THEATRES IN NEW-YORK.—A deal of speculation is afloat as to the person who is to have the Italian Opera House. Some say Mrs. HAMBLIN and CELESTE are after it—some say RUSSELL, others DINNEFORD,—some the Park management, others MAYWOOD, but most say—NOBODY! If any of these parties want to make money in it. the last (Nobody) is the most likely, and the most eligible, as being one of the probable people to pay the rent and the salaries. We do not believe the Park people care a straw about it, or indeed any other concern.

The Zoological Institute company propose to erect a new theatre for equestrian performances on the site of their present place of exhibition. Russell and Caldwell are casting about among their friends here, to see what they can either of them get, in the shape of patronage, should they by any remote possibility hit upon a location. An association in Philadelphia is likewise fixing its eyes, or trying to, upon an unexceptionable site in Broadway. W. R. BLAKE has given us to understand that he has purchased a commodious building near Broadway, which he hopes to open in a few months as a snug, handsome, and will fitted up theatre. New-Yorkers are undoubtedly the most theatre-going people on this continent; and if the number of theatres keep pace with the increase of population, we shall soon have half a dozen candidates for public favor. To any reasonable number, we say,—"the more the merrier!"

REEVE AND BALLS, seems to be carrying everything before them at Washington. A letter to the editor, dated the 31st ult., will show the estimation in which they are held in the Federal city:—

I went last night to see Reeve and Balls—the play, Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." The part of Bob Acres by Reeve—Balls personated Capt. Absolute. Reeve is the most natural and amusing actor I have ever seen. He is richly worth seeing. Balls played well; though perhaps inferior to Reeve, he is a tip-top actor. Knight, as Sir Anthony Absolute and Taylor as Sir Lucius O'-Trigger, were very happy. Mrs, McKENZIE as Madam Malaprop, did honor to the blood of old Jeff. Mrs. ROGERS as Lydia Languish and Mrs. HUGHES as Julia, acquited themselves with great credit. Balls as Tristam Fickle, in the farce of "The Weathercock," afforded much mirth and amusement.

I regret much the beggarly account of empty houses nightly presented at the National Theatre. I think there is more taste in the management of this theatre than at Caldwell's mammoth affair at New Orleans. The scenery and painting here is decidedly better; Caldwell's orchestra is however is far before this as a *violin* is before a *Jew's harp*.

A more recent letter, (dated the 2d inst.) from the same source is to this effect:

I saw REEVE last night in "Tom and Jerry," and such acting I never before witnessed. There was a good house to encourage him, and he amply repaid their kindness. In the waltzing scene and boxing the Charlies he kept the house in one continual roar of laughter. BALLS, as *Jerry* (?) sustained his high reputation and as *Sponge* in the farce of "Where shall I Dine?" drew forth repeated bursts of applause. In the comedy of "Catching an Heiress," Reeve out-Reeved Reeve. His song, ("*Statty* Fair, O!") of itself, is a sufficient treat for a week. At times he forcibly reminds me of poor TOM HILSON.

JOHN SEPTON is giving the Bostonians a taste of his quality. The Boston Morning Post says he "made a decided hit at the Lion last night and proved himself worthy of the fane that preceded him." *Vel, Vot of it?* We told yon he would.

The Countess of Harrington—*ci devant* Miss Foote—is said to be in very indifferent health. This lady, who has had the luck to win a coronet in the wane of her beauty, has behaved in a very exemplary manner since her marriage. She has not, however, been received at Court. At the Coronation, September, 1831, she was pre-eminent for the taste and richness of her attire.

[Foreign Correspondent of the Evening Star.

The Sun, in commenting upon this paragraph, states that one of the Countess's daughters, (by Col. Berkely, whose mistress she was previous to her marriage with Coutts, the banker,) is a resident of this city, and furthermore, that the person with whom she lives is a poor washerwoman in Orange-street. One of the editors states that he saw her in that *interesting* thoroughfare a few mornings since, with a bundle of clothes under her arm! A pleasant situation, truly, for the daughter of a Lord (Col. B. is now Lord Segrave) and a Countess of England! The story is quite too good to be true.

CLASSICAL LIBRARY. This Library of the HARPERS hrs now reached its 19th number. The last two numbers being translations of HORACE and PHÆDRUS;—the former by Philp Francis, the latter by Christopher Smart. The works of each author are prefaced with biographical sketches of their lives. A valuable and interesting appendix is added to the *Horace*, made up of translations of various of his odes and epistles by different authors of celebrity, as Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope Byron, &c. &c. The two volumes are neatly put up, uniformly with the preceding numbers of the Library.

The plan of this publication is not of that popular character which ensures an extensive sale;—we wish it were otherwise, for we should anticipate from a wide circulation of works of this class the most salutary effect upon the literary taste of our country.

The LIBRARY is composed of the very best translations of the classics. In previous numbers the works of Xenophon and Srllust and Cæsar, of Virgil, of Cicero, and Demosthenas. and of Sophocles, Euripides and Æschyles have already been given.

We should remark that almost every number is embellished with well executed portraits of the authors whose works rre given, and the appearance of the whole series is tasteful and elegant.

ROSAMOND, with other stories; by Maria Edgeworth. Harper & Brothers.

This is a beautiful volume of the works of the most delightful authoress that ever wrote for the instruction and entertainment of youth. The names of the stories in this little volume recall to us most vividly the pleasure we used to enjoy in younger and happier days, in listening to them, or reading them ourselves, The hold which her stories took upon our almost infant imagination has not since been lost. We commend the volume as a most fit book for presentation to any ruby-lipped little girl of ten or twelve or thereabouts. The engravings in it are beautiful, and like all the books of the *Harper's*, it is well "*got up.*"

THE ART OF SINGLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING, improved by the Proof or Balance; by C. C. MARSH. New-York, J. C. Riker, 15 Ann St.

We are not aware of there being a popular system of single entry book-keeping in use, and yet such a book must be needed; we therefore look on this work as the first successful attempt at single entry book-keeping. The volume, which is a neat octavo of 130 pages, comprises, besides many useful mercantile forms and calculations, several months' business, arranged as an interesting course of practice for pupils at school; and from the full and clear explanations that accompany each business transaction, we opine the author has left very little labour to devolve upon the teacher. The system embraces a method of *proving* the books, which is original and of the greatest consequence.

Mr. MARSH is not unknown as an author in this department of education; his work entitled "Double Entry Book-keeping Simplified," has received the preference of the Book Committee of the New York Public Schools, which comprises the first talent in the state.

THE CLUB BOOK: Being Original Tales, by James, Picken, Galt, &c. &c. Two volumes in one. Harper & Brothers.

This is a republication of capital stories, by the most celebrated of English novel writers and magazinists. Many of them have been seen by the public before, in our newspapers, &c.; here you have them all in a single volume, of convenient size and most pleasant aspect; and to give our readers an idea of the promise of entertainment held out by the book, we will just give the names of the different contributors to it; G. P. R. JAMES, ANDREW PICKEN, JOHN GALT, TYRONE POWER, WILLIAM JERDAN, LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER, D. H. MOIR, JAMES HOGG, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and LEIGH RITCHIE. What can we say more?

PAULDING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON. We take pleasure in announcing a cheap biography of the great "father of his country" by so popular and peculiarly national writer. The low price will enable the poorest to own it, and the easy, simple narration of Mr. Paulding will extend still farther, an acquaintance with the private virtues, and perfect public character of Washington. It will be, and should be extensively circulated.

We will only add that this work forms the 75th and 76th nos. of the HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY.

RIENZI, *The Last of the Tribunes.* This is also published by the *Harpers*, being volume 5th of their edition of BULWER'S WORKS. It is like its predecessors in appearance, the engravings being somewhat more worthily executed than those in the previous volumes. The price is only FIFTY CENTS!!

Mr. LEHR'S STUDIO.—We whiled away an hour delightfully last week at the studio of Mr. JOHN H. LEHR, 202 Broadway. "If there is any one thing that I particularly doat upon," as the man in the play says, it is a fine picture. Mr. Lehr's collection of antiques and articles of virtu connected with his beautiful art, at once show the tasteful connoisseur, while the productions of his pencil betray an intellect and genius of no ordinary character. We were greatly struck with two of his pictures—perfect gems in their way—portraying the effects of madness upon two different minds. The one is a lovely young woman phrenzied by religion; the other a fair young creature, her "mind distraught" from love. The delicacy of the colouring, and the expression and individuality of character imparted to each, is almost faultless;—and several heads, after the old masters, would deceive many of our cognoscenti. Mr. L.'s knowledge of anatomy and physiognomy is strikingly developed in his elaborate pieces; and having had the advantages of European tutorage, (although an American,) his works bear a stamp that must place him high on the list of native artists. We have neither time nor space to analyze his portraits, and must therefore content us for the present with inviting our readers to call at his rooms, which we do, with the fullest assurance that none will go away ungratified.

The Liverpool Correspondent of the Star says that TAGLIONI is daily expected in London. She has been unfortunate. After having made a fortune by dancing, she married a nobleman, who has gambled away all her earnings, and she has to commence the world anew.

THE POLITICAL PICKPOCKET.—Some few years since there was a daring and celebrated *Chevalier d'Industrie*, surnamed CONKEY BEAU, who had for many years been captain of the swell mob, in which character he contrived to levy contributions upon the KING'S subjects by dint of great skill and cunning in his art, pocketing the *swag* to a very large amount, and, by the most dextrous and ingenious contrivances, evading the *traps* of justice, who had long been on the look-out for him. At length he was apprehended, and tried at the Old Bailey before that inflexible Judge, the well known Recorder SYLVESTER, when being convicted, Black Jack, as the Recorder was called, determined to pass sentence upon him immediately, and send him for life to Botany Bay. On hearing his fate, he behaved like a bold courageous thief, never wincing, or crying, or imploring mercy; but seizing upon one of the immensely large pewter ink-stands which stood on each side of the dock or prisoner's bar, and which contained at least a quart of black Japan, he, with demoniac rage, hurled it across the Court at the head of the Judge, covering, in its scattered progress, with its contents the counsel, auditors, and officers of the Court.

[London Age.

"SPRING TIME IS COMING."—We congratulate our fellow-townsmen upon the habitability of the city. At length the ways are passable. Citizens may venture out without danger to their limbs and lives. The snow has nearly melted away. No one has been recently killed by avalanches from the housetops. The tides in the streets have subsided; most of the standing pools are dried; the pavements have been for some time visible; the corporation have returned from the Sandwich Islands; and the street-inspector begins to look his fellow-citizens in the face again. A dandy was seen the other day walking up the sunny side of Broadway in thin shoes; a lovely female foot dazzled the eyes of the promenaders this morning, on the crossing opposite Stewart's; and a butterfly positively was seen fluttering around a barber's pole, redolent of spring, sunshine and forest rambles. For the *filthiest city in the world*, New-York looked charming. The inspector took off his hat to us, and we returned his bow politely. Steamboat pipes are beginning to hiss, phiz and whiz at the wharves; the trees look as if they were prepariug to bud; a swallow darted through the Park, and disappeared behind that elegant structure, the old Bridewell; everything breathes of the opening spring. The ladies are about dismissing their faithful india-rubber overshoes. We shall have white hats and thin pantaloons anon. The milliners must furbish up their cottage bonnets, to make yet lovelier the loveliest faces in the world. All reminds us of Sinclair's pretty song,

"Spring time of the year is coming, coming,
Spring is coming, blithe and gay;
Insects bright are humming, humming,
And all the world is May, my love,
And all the world is May."

The intellectual arrangement of the *words*, perhaps, may not strike the reader, but it is a pretty song, notwithstanding, and makes a capital ending to our paragraph.

N. Y. Mirror of to-day.

THE ART OF DINNING AND GIVING DINNERS.

In September last we gave copious extracts from an elaborate article in the London Quarterly on Gastromony and Gastromoners. In the last number of that review we find a kindred article, suggested by a curious publication entitled, "*The Original*," &c. We regret that we have not room for the whole of it, for although we think it somewhat less brilliant than the former one, still it is the prouduction of a master. We have selected from it many important paragraphs and a deal of fine anecdote. The leanest and staidest Grahamite will admire its sparkling wit, while every gourmand will be filled with gratitude that the ART OF DINNING WELL has found so eloquent an advocate to unfold its mysteries.

THE ORIGINAL. By Thomas Walker, M. A., Cambridge; Barrister-at-Law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the Metropolis, Vol. 1. (*Originally published in Weekly Numbers.*) 8vo. London. 1835.

From the first announcement of this publication, our decided opinion was, that it would fail unless The Original should prove himself the great sublime he drew; and we were not a little rejoiced to find, as well from the inestimable scraps of autobiography scattered amongst the essays as from other less palpable indications, that Mr. Walker is actually and honestly a member of the now almost defunct corporation of humorists, who made the fortune of the dramatists of old—fellows of infinite sense, mirth, surliness, kindliness, cordiality and egotism, with just oddity enough to make them amusing without concealing the sterling goodness of their characters.

At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's first number appears this attractive intimation—

"*Notice.*—I propose ere long to enter upon three subjects of interest and importance—the Art of Dining and Giving Dinners, the Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health—all from experience."

These three "Arts" form in fact the staple commodities of the collection. The art of dinning and giving dinners, in particularly, is expounded with such extent of knowledge, such comprehensiveness of view, such soundness of principle, and delicacy of taste, that we believe we shall best discharge our duty to our readers by making it one of the leading objects of this article. The series is continued through ten or twelve Numbers, at the rate of three or four pages in each, but Mr. Walker deals so largely in that kind of amplification which rhetoricians find useful in impressing opinions on the mass, that we shall be able to give the sum of his observations and theories within little more than a fifth of the space he has devoted to them. It seems best, however, to quote the greater part of the introductory paper as it stands—

"According to the lexicons, the Greek for *dinner* is *Ariston*, and therefore for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiry critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining, *aristology*, and those who study it, *aristologists*. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for so far as they are concerned, we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary, it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by an union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. *Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment.* Indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health;—and as to enjoyment, I shudder when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it; how often I have sat in durance stately to go through the ceremony of dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, and how often in this land of liberty I have felt myself a slave.

"There are three kinds of dinners—solitary dinners, every-day social dinners, and set dinners; all three involving the cosideration of cheer and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, *because solitude tends to produce thought*, and *thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers.* When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention, and by directing it to some agreeable object.

We do not know what agreeable object Mr. Walker particularly points to—but the author of "The Parson's Daughter," when *surprised* one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised, by saying—"When one is alone the bottle does come round so often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered—"No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira." To return to his Worship:—

"As content ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner should be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort is to have what you want when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait for first one thing, and then another, and to have the little additions brought when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little foresight is good, and by way of instance, *it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard upon the table before the arrival of toasted cheese.*—There are not only the usual adjuncts, but to those who have anything of a *genius for dinners*, little additions will suggest themselves which give *a sort of poetry to a repast*, and please the palate to the promotion of health."

The germ of almost all that can be said on the subject is contained in these sensible remarks, which agree in spirit with Lord Chesterfield's well-known axiom, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; for we presume no one will deny that dining is among the things worth doing occasionally. The inconveniences of certain modish observances, and the present bad system of attendance, are the first subjects of commentary in detail—

"There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance—I mean attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot so well do for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself. The cause of this perversion is to be found in the practice and exam

ple of the rich and ostentatious, who constantly keep up a sort of war establishment adapted to extraordinary instead of ordinary occasions; and the consequence is, that like potentates who follow the same policy, they never really taste the sweets of peace—they are in a constant state of invasion by their own troops. I am rather a bold man at table, and set form very much at defiance, so that if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me; but the moment I am espied, it is nipped up from the most convenient to the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist amongst rational beings, and in a civilized country, is extraordinary! See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly starving at the sides, whilst every thing pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attendance, provokingly lagging, one thing after another, so that contentment is out of the question, and all this done under pretence that it is the most convenient plan! This is an utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have every thing actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else: as, for example, lobster-sauce, cucumber, young potatoes, Cayenne, Chili vinegar; and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease.

"With respect to wine," he continues, after complaining of the laborious changing of courses and the constant thrusting of side-dishes in his face, "it is often offered when not wanted; and, when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then perchance being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; *and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself;* How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment that you want it! I could enlarge upon and particularize these miseries at great length; but they must be only too familiar to those who dine out; and those who do not, may congratulate themselves on their escape."

There is another misery belonging to the same category, which we must, with His Worship's leave, pause to particularize,—we mean the misery of seeing the decanters at a dead stand-still after dinner, as at too many otherwise excellent tables they are now-a-days frequently permitted to be. Now, in the opinion of every Englishman whose education was compleied during the lifetime of George III., a pint of old port or a bottle of claret is the smallest modicum for which it is possible to compound, and we consequently abjure and abhor this detestable imitation of the continental system of dining. It is an idle, namby-pamby fancy to suppose that the *post-prandial* separation (as Jeremy Bentham calls it) from the ladies is unduly prolonged by the old custom, as we do not not require a longer interval than is at present allowed for the separation; we require merely the judicious employment of that interval—

> ——— 'I hate a . . . . . lingering bottle,
> Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
> Leaving all claretless the unmoistened throttle—
> Especially with politics on hand.'

The ladies are equally interested with ourselves in discountenancing the prevalent fashion of being helped to wine by servants, as it bids fair to end by abolishing the old English habit of taking wine together, which affords one of the most pleasing modes of recognition when distant, and one of the prettiest occasions for coquetry when near,—

> "Then if you can contrive, get next at supper,
> And if forestalled, get opposite and ogle."

So says the noble author of Don Juan, who had some slight experience in this sort of tactics; but whether you get next or opposite, one of the best-contrived expedients for deepening a flirtation will be destroyed, should the prevailing fashion be pushed to its consequences. There is a well-known lady-killer who esteems this mode of taking wine to be, of all his manifold attractions, the chief; and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chooses his time, the air with which he gives the invitation, the empressment he contrives to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he keeps his eye on the fair one's every movement till she is prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he is all the while looking full into her eyes—all these little graces are inimitable, and all these little graces will be lost. Even now, the difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way is beginning to exercise the ingenuity of mankind. Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner at Hatfield, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, 'Why, Lady Salisbury, when no one else asks me to take champaigne, I take sherry with the epergne, and bow to the flowers."

"The golden rule is, let all men's dinners be according to their means;—discard the degrading fopperies of affectation, and the inative meanness of vanity; but are the *entrees* and *entremets* at Lord Sefton's, Lord Hertford's, Mr. Rowland Errington's, or Sir George Warrender's, to be discountenanced, because Mr. Tomkin's cook is only equal to a joint? Or are our baronial halls to be denuded of their retinues because Mrs. Jenkin's establishment is limited to a maid-of-all-work and a bboy? We remember hearing a lady of high rank declare that the circumstance which struck her most amongst the varied splendor of a celebrated fete given by the late Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, was, that though the dinner party commonly exceed forty, each guest had a stately attendant in the Howard livery behind his chair. The paper last quoted concludes thus:—

"I had written thus far for my last Number, according to my promise in my last one, but there was not even space enough to notice the omission. I now wish to add about a page, and as, like other people I suppose, I can write most easy upon what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall,—where, if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrines on dinner-giving better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men besides myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends, for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish than white bait; which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeed by apple fritters and jelly, pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch; with the white-bait, champagne; with the grouse, claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines unless perchance a bottle or two of port if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care there is Cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle; and that brown bread-and-butter in abundance for the white-bait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters before hand, but they make a vast difference in a convivial entertainment. The dinner will be followed by ices and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liquor each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally without introducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guest run riot according each to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, of which I hope you approve; *and I cannot help thinking that if Parliament were to grant £10,000 a-year in trust to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any hugger-mugger measure ever devised.*"

In the expediency of such a grant we perfectly concur, and Mr. Walker should ask his friend Mr. Thomas Young to propose it to the ministry.

The duties of the master of the house as to introducing his guests to each other, and bringing their various talents of the convivial order into play, are specified; and the use of centre-pieces (epergnes, &c.) is vehemently decried. The popularity of bachelors' dinners is accounted for by the absence of form, and the fondness of females for garnish is compared to "the untutored Indian's fondness for feathers and shells." Then come sundry sound observations on the form, size, lighting, warming, and decorations of dining rooms, well meriting the attention of the epicure, but we pass them over to come to another of Mr. Walker's highly interesting experiences:—

"To order dinner is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen every where at the same periods, and, as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others which, being served in a fixed order, are seldom half enjoyed; as for instance game in the third course. This reminds me of a dinner I ordered last *Christmas day* for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne. Now this dinner was both very agreeable and very wholesome from its moderation, but the ordinary course would have been to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are."

This is a good plan enough when you are well acquainted with your guests' appetites, and know that they will be satisfied with a woodcock a piece, but we have seen eaters who would experience very little difficulty in dispaching single-handed the dinner ordered by Mr. Walker for three. The lord-lieutenant of one of the western counties eats a covey of partridges for breakfast every day during the season; and there is a popular M. P. at present about town who would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a dozen of becaficos, for a whet, and feel like him astonished if his appetite was not accelerated by the circumstance. Most people must have seen or heard of a caricature representing a gentleman at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on,—"Capital beef, landlord," said the gentleman, "a man may cut and come again here." "You may cut, Sir," responds Boniface; "but I'll be blowed if you shall come again."

The person represented is the M. P. in question; and the sketch is founded upon fact. He had occasion to stay late in the city, and turned into the celebrated Old Bailey Beef-shop on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens. His exploits at Crockford's have been such that the founder of that singular institution has more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and has only been prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in "Roderic Random" as received by the master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment.

Another unanswerable objection to the above dinner is its palpable want of harmony with the season. Though far from particular in such matters, we could no more dine on Christmas day without roast beef, than on any day without salt, and we are therefore compelled to regard Mr. Walker's arrangements on this occasion as not merely unpatriotic, but barbarous.

The important topic of vegetables receives a due share of attention in its turn:—

"One of the greatest luxuries to my mind in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables, well served. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner; but they are as rare, on state occasions, so served, as if they were of the cost of pearls."

In the course of the article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in our 107th Number, we quoted a remark of the late Earl of Dudley, to the effect that good melted butter is an unerring test of the moral qualities of your host. A distinguished connoisseur, still spared to the world, contends that the moral qualities of your hostess may in like manner be tested by the potatoes, and he assures us that he was never known to re-enter a house where a badly dressed potatoe had been seen. The importance attached by another equally unimpeachable authority to the point is sufficiently shown by what took place a short time since at the meeting of a club-committee specifically called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman from the Albion, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude; the eminent divine to whom we allude was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was,—"Can you boil a potatoe?"

We presume it is unnecessary to expatiate on such vegetable luxuries as broccli, green peas, and esparagus, but it may be a useful piece of information to state that parsnips are excellent fried, and that beet-root, boiled well, sliced, and sent up hot, forms the best possible accompaniment to roast meat.

We have already given two of Mr. Walker's practical illustrations. We now come to a third, which will be found equally replete with interest. Indeed his Worship's descriptions are so vivid, that he might also be said to dramatise his repasts:—

"In entertaining those who are in a different class from ourselves, it is expedient to provide for them what they are not used to—and that which we are most in the way of procuring of superior quality. Many people, from their connexion with foreign countries or with different parts of their own, are enabled to command, with ease to themselves, what are interesting rarities to others; and one sure way to entertain with effect is, to cultivate a good understanding with those with whom we deal for the supply of the table. By way of illustration of what I have said on the subject of choice plain dinners, I will give an account of one I once gave in the chambers of a friend of mine in the Temple to a party of six, all of whom were accustomed to good living, and one of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of the following dishes served in succession, and with their respective adjuncts, carefully attended to First, spring soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season as being quite delicious; then a moderate sized turbot, bought in the city, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that ribs of beef from Leadenhall market, roasted to a turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers was connected with the city, and he undertook specially to order the different articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality: and though the fish and beef was dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, I suppose principally from the kitchen being close at hand and her attention not being distracted. And here I must remark that the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance to us in any way, or indeed perceptible, except in the excellence of the serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise, and certainly I never saw venison more enjoyed. The crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest; and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert, I think, consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followen by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port and claret. I have had much experience in the dinner way, both at large and at small parties, but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality either at or after dinner, which I attribute principally to the real object of a dinner being the only one studied; state, ornament, and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy style of entertaining.

"As the success of this dinner so plainly illustrates my positions in favor of compactness of dining-room, or proximity of kitchen, of smallness of party, of absence of state and show, of undivided attention to excellence of dishes, and the mode of serving them in single succession, I am tempted to add the names here by way of authentication, and to show that my guests were competent judges, not to be led away by want of experience. The party consisted of Lord Abinger, Sir James Scarlett; Sir John Johnstone, the present member for Scarborough; Mr. Young, private secretary to Lord Melbourne: Mr. R. Bell, of the firm of Bell, Brothers and Co., who occupied the chambers and acted as a caterer; and lastly my excellent friend the late Honourable George Lamb, whose good humoured convivial qualities were held in high estimation by all who knew him, and who on this occasion outshone himself."

By the insertion of these names, Mr. Walker has done more to elevate *nristology* than a hundred nameless dinners could have done, and it would be difficult to conceive a more ennobling and gratifying spectacle than such a party, so occupied, presents. We see one of the greatest advocates that ever adorned the bar (now adorning the peerage and the bench) postponing weighty consultations about the soup: we see the accomplished brother of our present Premier, at the time in question an under Secretary of State, setting off from Downing-street, with a gravity worthy of one of Domitian's senators, to determine the kettle in which the turbot should be boiled: we see Mr. Thomas Young (the real though irresponsible Prime Minister) relaxing from the cares of empire to regulate the composition of the sauce: we see the sagacious police magistrate standing by to assist their inexperience; whilst the London merchant and the Yorkshire baronet look lost in wonder at the variety and combination of greatness which condescends to minister to the gratification of the appetites—

> "If you have seen all this and more,
> God bless me, what a deal you've seen!"

Still it must be remembered that zeal does not necessarily imply knowledge, and we have doubtlessly heard doubts insinuated whether the concentrated talent of the party (exclusive of Mr. Walker) was fully equal to the selection of the beef.

The general conclusion deduced from the success of this dinner is the following:

"It is the mode that I wish to recommend, and not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost, any joints, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and unexpensive introduction like the crab, and a pudding,—provided every thing is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts—will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer."

Fish richly merits a chapter to itself, but as we are not writing a book, we must confine ourselves to a certain number of hints. Our first relates to the present mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover, the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated, and covering hot fish with cold parsley is abominable.

The late Duke of Devonshire's passion was a broiled blade-bone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brookes's; and the late Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beef-steaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the beef-steak club (where he himself never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town. Both graces were men of true *gusto;* yet we doubt if either of them could have given the reader the valuable information we here think it proper to communicate. Whatever the subject of your broil—steak, chop, or devil—take care that the gridiron be heated before the article is placed upon it; in the case of a fry observe the same precaution with the frying-pan.

It may encourage many a would-be Amphytrion to learn from our own experience by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be ensured, provided only it possess the interest of novelty.

We have seen an oyster soup prepare the way for a success, which was crowned by blackpuddings from Birch's. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders, and a noble looking shield of Canterbury drawn from Groves' diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morell's *pates de gibier aux truffes*—or a woodcock pie from Bavier's of Bologne, would be a sure card, but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by surprise, and you may produce a *chef-d'œuvre* by simply directing your housekeeper to put a beef-steak over as well as under the birds, and place them with their breasts downwards in the dish. Game, or wildfowl, for two or three, is never better than boiled; and a boiled shoulder of mutton or boiled duck might alone found a reputation—but these things can only be attempted by a bachelor; for the appearance of either a married man's table is regarded as a sure token of the complete subjection of his wife. A still more original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the Right Hon. Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy; they actually ordered a roasted turbot, and are still boasting loudly of the success of the invention, but a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish,—"Why, Sare, you no tell Monsieur le Docteur Somerville; we no roast him at all,—we put him in the oven and bake him."

Mr. Walker, we are sure, will not refuse to join his testimony to ours as to the effect produced by the appearance of a roast pig at one of the delightful parties of a brother magistrate, when the most charming lips in London were opened in its praise. But on the subject of this exquisite viand, it would be profanation to appeal to any one but Charles Lamb—

"Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

"I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—these hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or præludium of a grunt.

"Behold him while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

"See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of a judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

"Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have had towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

"I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death." I forget the decision."

The delicacy of a roasting pig, except in the case of flagellation, depends on his being nurtured on mother's milk, exclusively from his birth to his dying day. The most delicate rabbits are nurtured in the same manner, and we have known them kept sucking till they were bigger than their mammas.

We must make a remark or two on salads, the more particularly as we are not quite satisfied with what Mr. Walker has said about them. The salad of beet-root and onion is very good, but no novelty. Dr. Forbes's lettuce salad, in the same page, might be improved upon a little by putting the herb tarragon instead of vinegar, and a little chervil and burnet leaf chopped fine. We are also surprised that such a proficient as Mr. Walker, when talking of excellence in salad, should mention "*drying* the leaves of the lettuce." It is, to use his own words, "abandoning the principle and adopting some expedient." Lettuces ought never to be wetted; they thus lose their crispness, and are *pro tanto* destroyed. If you can get nothing but wet lettuces, you had certainly better dry them; but if you wish for a good salad, cut your lettuce fresh from the garden, take off the outside leaves, cut or rather break it into a salad bowl, and then *mix* as described in The Original.

The comparative merits of tarts and puddings present a problem which it is no easy matter to decide. On the whole, we give the preference to puddings, as affording more scope to the inventive genius of the cook, but we must insist on a little more precaution in preparing them. A plum-pudding, for instance, our national dish, is hardly ever boiled enough, and we have sometimes found ourselves, in England, in the same distressing predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap, yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, it appeared in a tureen, and about the contistency of soup. "Upon this failure in the production (says our authority) he was frequently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance." As if the loss of a whole day's thought and labor was not enough to excite the petulance of any man, let alone his belonging to the *genus irritabile!*

A green apricot tart is commonly considered the best tart that is made, but a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. A beef-steak pudding, again, is better than the corresponding pie, but oysters and mushrooms are essential to its success. A mutton-chop pudding, with oysters, but without mushrooms, is excellent.

With regard to drinkables the same attention to unity and simpicity is to be enforced—

"I should lay down the same rules as to wines as I have already done as to meats, that is, simplicity on the same and variety on different days. Port only, taken with or without a little water at dinner, is excellent, and the same of claret, I think, on ordinary occasions, such a system is by far the most agreeable. Claret, I mean genuine undoctored claret, which in my opinion is the true taste, is particularly good as a dinner wine, and is now to be had at a very reasonable price. I would not wish better than that given at the Athenæum at three and sixpence a bottle. Rhenish wines are very wholesome and agreeable, drunk simply without other wines. I must not here pass over altogether the excellencies of malt liquor, though it is rather difficult to unite the use of it judiciously with that of wine. When taken together, it should be in great moderation; but I rather prefer a malt liquor day exclusively now and then by way of variety, or to take it at luncheon. There is something extremely grateful in the very best table-beer, and it is to be lamented it is so rarely to be met with in the perfection of which it is capable. That beverage at dinner, and two or three glasses of first-rate ale after, constitute real luxury, and I believe are a most wholesome variety. Good porter needs no praise, and bottled porter iced is in hot weather most refreshing. Cider cup lemonade, and iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, are all worthy of their turns; but I do not think turns come so often as they ought to do. We go on the beaten track without profiting by the varieties which are to be found on every side."

Instead of icing punch, the preferable mode is to mix it with a proportion of iced soda-water.* The gin punch made on this principal at the Garrick Club is one of the best things we know, and we gladly take this opportunity of assigning the honor of the invention to the rightful patentee, Mr. Stephen Price, an *American gentleman*, well known in theatrical circles and on the turf. His title has been much disputed—

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est—

and many, misled by Mr. Theodore Hook's frequent and liberal application of the discovery, are in the habit of ascribing it to him. But Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated "trecentenarian"† of a popular song, who was present at Mr. Hook's first introduction to the beverage, has set the matter at rest by a brief narration of the circumstances. One hot afternoon in July last, the inimitable author of "Sayings and Doings" (what a book might be made of his own) strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make trial of the punch, and a jug was compounded immediately under the personal inspection of Mr. Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always eats little, on this occasion he ate less, and Mr. Horace Twiss inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three."

The mention of sherry reminds us that Mr. Walker makes no mention of it at all in any of the dinners detailed by him. This is a fatal error, for he may depend upon it that to carry a man lightly through a sufficient dinner, something stronger than thin French wine will be generally required. In a subsequent paper he grows quite eloquent in praise of Champaigne, which we agree with him should never be stinted, if it be the entertainer's wish that the dinner should succeed. One great advantage is, that the ladies are commonly tempted to take an extra glass or two. Other *mousseux* wines are sometimes introduced as a variety, but none of them can be much commended, with the exception of the sparkling Moselle furnished by M. Koch of Frankfort, who, by the way, keeps one of the best tables on the continent, and is absolutely prodigal of his hospitalities to Englishmen.

Having now glanced over the whole of Mr. Walker's contributions to the art of dining, we shall endeavor to convey some notion, however faint, of the varied and extended interests which the subject may be fairly considered to comprise—

"I have already alluded to the importance of the city being well provisioned, and although city feasting is often a subject of joke, and is no doubt sometimes carried to excess, yet I am of opinion that a great deal of English spirit is owing to it, and that as long as men are so often emboldened by good cheer, they are in no danger of becoming slaves. The city halls with their feasts, their music, and their inspiriting associations, are so many temples of liberty, and I only wish that they could be dispersed through the metropolis, and have each a local govern-

* Pour half a pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, sugar, a glass of Maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The result will be three pints of the punch in question.

† Mr. James Smith once said to this gentleman, "Hill, you take an unfair advantage of an accident; the register of your birth was burnt in the great fire of London, and you avail yourself of the circumstance to give out that you are younger than you are. It is generally understood that he sat for the portrait of Paul Pry; this Mr. Poole, the author, (in his amusing *Sketches and Recollections,*) denies; but he is undoubtedly the hero (under the name of Hull) of some of the best scenes in *Gilbert Gurney*—a book containing more genuine humor and graphic description, than all the recent publications of the comic order put together.

ment attached in proportion to the means of the establishment. Then would there be objects worthy of the highest intelligence united with social attractions, and improvement in government might be expected to become steadily progressive."

In these honest, hearty, and true philosophical opinions we cordially concur.—The decline of ancient festivity that must result from the Municipal Reform Act, is one of the worst evils we fear from it. It is not that the new councillors, as they are called, will not expend as much money in feasting as their predecessors, but there is a style in these things they will find it impossible to catch; your lean and hungry Radical must eat to live, instead of living, like your true bred alderman, to eat, and we shall see no such *corporations* as formerly. There is London to be sure, and London is hitherto untouched, but is it probable that the city companies will long be suffered to go on giving a guinea a quart for peas—which, to their high honour, they frequently have done—when Bristol has become turtleless, and the roasted cygnets of Norwich are no more? cygnets, worthy as peacocks to be the subject of vows for L. E. L.s to versify, and A. R. A.s to paint.

If we are not misinformed, the fiat has gone forth already against one class of city dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinners given by the Sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings to the Judges and aldermen in attendance, the recorder, common-serjeant, city pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow-puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both, but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigor of his attack on the beefsteaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before. The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Barron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily, the beefsteaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of being challenged for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a dull dead lull, which, to the experienced in such matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather stomachs, of the jury can endure. The trial had unfortunately taken place upon a Saturday, and it became a serious question in what manner the refractory jurymen were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *dies non* in law, and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge. He consequently declared his intention of waiting till what he deemed a reasonable hour, namely, about ten, and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle, until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that the worthy chaplain's digestion has at length proved unequal to the double burthen imposed upon it, but the court of aldermen, considering him a martyr to their cause, have very properly agreed to grant him an adequate pension for his services.

The Inns of Court, another strong hold of good living, are threatened simultaneously from without and within. We make small account of the attack from without, led on as it is by Mr. Whittle Harvey, but we earnestly deprecate all disaffection in the camp. It seems that the students, tantalized by the sight or the luxuries at the cross-table on the dais appropriated to the benchers, while they themselves are regaling on peas-soup and mutton, have appealed to some obsolete regulation limiting the benchers to one additional dish. Now, the benchers put a widely different construction on the rule, which, they say, entitles each member to a dish—a construction savouring somewhat of the astute simplicity of the invalid, who, being ordered a pint of wine with his dinner by six successive physicians, complied with all their prescriptions by drinking his three bottles a day. Our sympathies, however, are completely with the benchers in this matter; and should the murmuring continue, we recommend them to try the effect of cutting off the soup or the legs of mutton for a week or so. There is nothing like short commons for inculcating the virtues of contentment. Mr. Hazlitt said that a city apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world would come some day or other to be hanged; and, without venturing to predict precisely the same fate for the Templar who should be wanting in veneration for the bench-table, we will make bold to prophesy that he will assuredly never come to sit at it. In one respect the Templars have clearly not degenerated. It is customary, on certain grand occasions at the Inner Temple, to pass a large silver goblet down the hall, filled with a composition immemorially termed sack; the butlers attend its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long ago that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed.

We may here add a circumstance which would alone shed a lustre on the dinners at the Inner Temple. Mr. Jekyll is still a constant attendant at them—a little deaf, indeed, and apparently rather weak upon his legs, but with all the elastic spirits, the teeming fancy, the fun, the frolic, the memory and volatility, of youth.

Mr. Walker has omitted to notice the use that may be made of dinner-giving in creating or extending influence in a state.

Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes, was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbe de Pradt, when dispatched to gain over Poland to his cause. From Sir Robert Walpole's time downwards, the English Whigs acted on Napoleon's maxim with singular and well-merited success; and it would be a curious subject of speculation to consider to what extent Lord Holland's and Lord Sefton's dinners, with Lord Lansdowne's evening-parties, have contributed towards that series of innovations which the Melbourne cabinet are pleased to denominate reforms.

We have hardly space enough remaining to notice the other subjects of the "Original" at length; not even the two so pointedly announced along with that we have just been discussing—namely, the art of attaining high health, and the art of travelling; but this is the less to be regretted, as both are referred to pretty nearly the same principles on which the art of dining and dinner-giving is based.

Health obviously depends in a great measure on the number, quality, and quantity of our meals; and the grand point for dyspeptic magistrates is to avoid hurry, agitation, anxiety, and distraction of every sort whilst the digestive organs are at work. In confirmation of this doctrine we shall relate an anecdote of M. de Suffrein, which has reached us from a source of undoubted authenticity. During the time this gentleman was commanding for the French in the East, he was one day waited on by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He quietly heard out the message, and as quietly desired the messenger to inform the deputation that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business of any kind at dinner-time. The deputation went away lost in admiration at the piety of the commandant.

The only *original* feature in Mr. Walker's instructions to travellers is what he terms "the basket-system;" *i. e.* always to provide yourself with a basket of provisions at starting, to prevent the necessity of stopping and be prepared for accidents that may occur upon the way. Now, to our minds, one of the greatest pleasures in travelling is this very stopping which Mr. Walker is so anxious to avoid; nothing being pleasanter in anticipation, and nothing more agreeable when it comes, than an *improvised* dinner on the road; without which, indeed, the monotony of a long day's journey through most countries of Europe would be intolerable. There is always, moreover, some amusement to be picked up at a table d'hote; but be sure to follow Count Charles de Mornay's practice whenever it is your fortune to dine at one. On such occasions he always instructs *his valet* to come in and sit down with the company, place himself at the top or bottom of the table, treat his master as a perfect stranger, *and help him to the best of every thing*.

Another topic of great immediate interest discussed in the "Original," is the institution of clubs, which are gradually working as complete a revolution in the constitution of society as they have already effected in the architectural appearance of our streets. Superficial talkers fancy that the change in question is a fitting subject for regret, but we feel satisfied that they are wrong, and we are glad to find so sensible an observer as Mr. Walker agreeing with us.

"Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favorable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, every thing is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary in general to remain long at table. They are favorable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have of the expenses at the Athænum, in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on an average, 2*s.* 9 3-4*d.* each, and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half-a-pint."

The difference between the expenditure at the Athænum and the other principal clubs is not sufficient to affect the inference. The Windham is the most expensive—perhaps from Lord Nugent's wish to keep off the Irish members. The Senior United Service is the cheapest, probably from the number of absent members, and the practiced though liberal economy of the mess-table. The vulgar habit of associating the notion of gentility with expense is invariably discountenanced at these establishments. The Duke of Wellington may be often seen at the Senior United dining on a joint; and on one occasion, when he was charged fifteen-pence instead of a shilling for it, he bestirred himself till the odd three-pence was struck off. The motive was obvious; he took the trouble of objecting, to give his sanction to the principle.

The objection that the neglect of female society is caused by clubs is sufficiently refuted by the facts:—In the first place, female society is not neglected by any who are capable of appreciating it, and, in the second place, the larger clubs are notoriously deserted from nine till after midnight, when Crockford's begins to fill again. There is also an occasional muster of whist-players at the Travellers', of whom Prince Talleyrand, during his residence in London, invariably made one. He is but an indifferent player, though he has a great advantage in his imperturbability of face. It was a deficiency in this respect that made the late Duke of York so constant a loser. His face was a sort of index to his hand, and his friend Sir Thomas Stepney used to tell a story of seeing him lose a rubber of three hundred guineas (they were playing for twenty-five-guinea points besides the bet) by simply looking exceedingly blank on taking up his cards, which encouraged his right hand adversary to finesse upon him in direct defiance of the odds.

It is a fact worth recording, that the Travellers' Club originated in a suggestion of the late Lord Londonderry. He promoted it with a view to the accommodation of foreigners who, when properly recommended, receive an invitation for the period of their stay. At most of the other clubs foreign ambassadors, and a limited number of other foreigners of distinction, are also admissable without contribution for the same period. The liberality of the Frankfort Cassino, where any member may introduce as many strangers as he pleases, could not be imitated in a metropolis like London, without a sacrifice on the part of the contributing members greater than can reasonably be expected of them.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters from Italy, mentions the "Alfred" as an agreeable evening lounge in his early days, when, he says, his schoolfellow Peel, and other clever people, were in the habit of coming there; but the "Alfred" received its *coup de grace* from a well-known story, (rather an indication than a cause of its decline), to the effect, that Mr. Canning, whilst in the zenith of his fame, dropped in accidentally at a house-dinner of twelve or fourteen, strayed out the evening, and made himself remarkably agreeable—without any one of the party suspecting who he was. The dignified clergy, who, with the higher class of lawyers, have now migrated to the "Athanæum" and "University" Clubs, formerly mustered in such force at the "Alfred," that Lord Alvanley, on being asked in the bay window at "White's," whether he was still a member, somewhat irreverently replied—"Not exactly: I stood it as long as I could, but when the seventeenth bishop was proposed, I gave in. I really could not enter the place without being put in mind of my catechism." Sober-minded people might be apt to think this formed the best possible reason for his Lordship's remaining where he was. It is hardly necessary to say, that the presence of the Bishops and judges is universally regarded as an unerring test of the high character of a club.

Miss Berry's account of the manner in which ladies and gentlemen passed their time previously to the institution of clubs, confirms our belief that the ladies have lost nothing by them:—

"The taverns and coffee-houses supplied the place of the clubs we have since seen established. Although no exclusive subscription belonged to any one of these, we find by the account which Colley Cibber gives of his first visit to Will's in Covent Garden, that it required an introduction to this society not to be considered as an impertinent intruder. There the veteran Dryden had long presided over all the acknowledged wits and poets of the day, and those who had the pretension to be reckoned among them. The politicians assembled at the St. James's coffee-house, from whence all the articles of political news in the first "Tatlers" are dated. The learned frequented the Grecian coffee-house in Devereux-court. Locket's, in Gerard-street, Soho, and Pontac's, were the fashionable taverns where the young and gay met to dine; and White's, and other fashionable houses, seem to have been the resort of the same company in the morning. Three o'clock, or at least four, was the dining hour of the most fashionable persons in London, for in the country no such late hours had been adopted. In London, therefore, soon after six, the men began to assemble at the coffee-house they frequented, if they were not setting in for hard drinking, which seems to have been less indulged in private houses than in taverns. The ladies made visits to one another, which it must be owned was a much less waste of time when considered as an amusement for the evening, than now as being a morning occupation."

It thus appears that the evening amusements of the sexes were perfectly distinct.

Mr. Walker has another mode of accounting for his assumed neglect:—

"If female society be neglected, it is not owing to the institution of clubs, but more probably to the long sittings of the House of Commons, and to the want of easy access to family circles. For the most part female society is only to be met with at formal and laborious dinners, and over-crowded and frivolous parties, attendance on the latter of which men of sense soon find out to be a nuisance and a degradation. It was said by a man of high rank, large fortune, and extraordinary accomplishments [Mr. Walker means the late Earl of Dudley we believe,] that he did not know a single house in London where he could venture to ask for a cup of tea; and though this might not be literally true, it argues a lamentable degree of restraint."

Before quitting the subject of clubs, it may be as well to state, that the account given of the Carlton Club by a northern cotemporary is singularly adapted to mislead. That club is no more a political union in the sense in which the writer uses the term, than Brookes'; which, by the way, has been brought to the verge of ruin by its politics. We allude not merely to the Alvanley and Raphael affairs—which are bad enough in all conscience, as tending to establish the passive endurance of ungentlemanly conduct, in consideration of active partizanship, as a principle—but to the manner in which the club has been vulgarised by recent infusions. Sheridan was black-balled three times by George Selwyn because his father had been upon the stage, and he only got in in at last through a *ruse* of George the Fourth, (then Prince of Wales) who detained his adversary in conversation in the hall whilst the ballot was going on. What would George Selwyn say to some twenty or thirty of the names now upon the list!

THE WIFE'S WAGER.

A MODERN WHIMSICALITY IN THE HISTORY OF WEDDED LIFE.

"Done!"—"done!"

"And have I actually said 'done?' What have I done? Well, no matter; the wager is laid, and now I have nothing to do but to win it. And win it I will; or say there is no wit in a wife, and that a husband is the very wisest of all the beasts of the field."

The lady who thus expressed her confidence in the superior craftiness of wedded woman, did not, it must be owned, hazard a false estimate of her own powers. True, she had ventured upon a rather daring wager—she had a difficult *path* before her, a cunning species of *prey* to ensnare; but, as she said, there is always a turning in the longest "lane," and the slyest "fox" is sure to be captured at last.

Besides, she had experience in her favor, and the advantage of a perfect knowledge of the habits and disposition of the prey she had to catch. This sounds oddly too, for the prey happened to be her lawful lord and master; and, as in the case of child and father, it may be truly said, it is a wise wife who knows her own husband. But having once been taken in the matrimonial wires, he might be recaptured. "Who listens once will listen twice."

They had been married in the usual form, and separated with the usual ceremony. She was a beauty, he was born with eyes. She was the grace of a gay circle, he was inspired with the ambition of transferring her to a domestic one. She was admired by everybody, he was resolved upon possessing what everybody admired. They committed matrimony, and found themselves mistaken. The clergyman's duties performed, the attorney's commenced; the bonds of wedlock were virtually broken by the bonds of common-law; they parted quite as joyfully as they had met, and each entered once again upon a course of single blessedness.

The separation had been of some continuance; the wife was rather gay, the husband a little graver; her heart was evidently very far from being broken, his mind was not very likely to fall a prey to insanity, sustained as it was by a proper pride and conscientious self-approval. In general, the elegant retirement and delightful composure of his splendid park was enough for him—the irresistible fascinations of the most brilliant circle of London society were always sufficient for her. Women are always contented, and so are men, when they can gratify their tastes, and obtain what best pleases them. Moderation is the ruling principle in human nature. Nobody desires more than just the accomplishment of his wishes. Is it not unreasonable to expect him to be satisfied with less?

So they lived "thus disunited," but not exactly "seared in heart." Of all things within the limits of wedlock-wonders, it seemed most absurd to suppose that the Two would ever again become One. The mountain was as likely to march towards Mahomet as the separated to rejoin. The movement never *would* take place on her part, it never *could* on his.

When it is quite impossible for a thing to happen, there is an excellent opportunity of wagering that it will. The wager was laid; the lady engaged to "lure her gentle tassel back again"—to recall her retired partner—to fetter the child of freedom once more—to bring her former suitor to her feet as of old—in short, to prevail upon her stern and stubborn knight to re-enter the matrimonial lists, and sue to be allowed to try another passage at arms. The thing seemed impracticable; but to London he must be lured; and an overture he must be prevailed upon to make ere a certain day arrived, or an opportunity of gaining immortal glory (besides a considerable sum of money, but then who cares about that?) would be lost for ever.

"Done! done!" And how is the "knowing one" to be done? By what silken thread, or invisible hair, is he to be gently and imperceptibly drawn out of his married bachelorship, and persuaded that there is still a heart, all his own, by the laws of love and of the land, beating for him with unexpressed, because inexpressible affection! By a thousand ways; among others, by letters insinuatingly written and dexterously dispatched, by well-timed whispers from disinterested lips, by half-suppressed words uttered by mutual friends, and deep-drawn sighs of sincere regret that people formed for each other in every respect should persist in living apart, and embittering the otherwise "nectared sweets" of their existence. These to be craftily followed by a hint that this perseverance is all on one side, on the side of him from whom explanation ought to come; that the fair sufferer is restrained only by the natural delicacy of her sex, and the peculiar sensitiveness of her individual character, from driving close up to his park gates, and praying for admittance, as one whose all of earthly hope and worldly happiness was enclosed within them.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

This was the great philosophical truth which (so he was insensibly won to think) had taken possession of her mind. Flirtations only increased the fervour of this sacred flame—a giddy round of pleasures the year through only added fuel to it—the heat of the Opera made it burn yet brighter, the airs of the race-course fanned it into fury. Every thing she did denoted the consuming passion that raged within. She sought gaiety and dissipation as a relief. She only consented to be happy, to hide her secret sorrow—nothing more: she was the idol of a score of laughing young men, who formed a guard of honour as she moved through the mazes of fashion; but she only condescended to gossip and be glad in the presence of a host of worshippers, to conceal her boundless reverence and unfathomable affection for *one*; and then that one was her husband, whose duty it was to guard such an impersonation of grace from peril, and to snatch her from the whirl of folly ere yet she was drawn into its innermost depths. When *he* reflected upon this, how injured and how innocent did she appear in his eyes.

Another volley of whispers, a few more hints—a letter or two, with a particularly expressive postscript, setting forth the principle of woman's pride, and the indelicacy attached to *her* going down into the country to ask her husband to consent to a reunion—had the desired effect, in determining *him* to drive up to town and propose the identical remedy for all their grievances to his changed and now unchangeable wife. "Yes," he whispered in his own ear, "she loves me. I can no longer doubt it. Why loiter then in these lonely and desolate shades? The sun shines only in London."

Perhaps the most rapid journey that has been accomplished since the day of Turpin's trip to York, was performed by the gentleman, who has just expressed his conviction that Felicity had taken a town-residence, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival. Rail-road rapidity fell far behind his rate of progress—in fact he was in town in no time; and among the most musical and heart-stirring sounds he had ever heard, was the loud long knock which his servant performed at the door of No. —, but we need not quote the 'Court Guide' on the occasion.

That knock sounded not less harmoniously upon the ears of a lady within—she had anticipated it, she almost heard in its quick eager notes the announcement which immediately succeeded—the arrival of *the* person she most longed for. The card was given in—the messenger who bore it to his mistress upstairs was more than usually flurried in his looks and hurried in his flight. But we shall not attempt to describe the face with which in a few minutes he made his reappearance, and delivered his mistress's answer to the expectant and anxious visitor—"Very much obliged—very sorry—very particularly engaged with Mr. Thomas Finsbury—very happy to see him another day," &c.

Rapid as the trip to town had been, it was remarked that the wheels of the carriage rolled still faster on their return to the Park. [London Court Journal.

AN ESSAY ON PARAGRAPHISTS.

About the most difficult species of writing of the day is Paragraphing; and about the greatest genius of the time is a spirited and racy Paragraphist. Any body with a moderate share of learning and a little common sense, can eke out a column or two for a newspaper, which shall appear well enough, and answer the end desired. So, any body that has a small stock of ideas, can spread them over two or three sheets of foolscap, and concoct quite a sounding essay for some popular Magazine. But it takes a man of ready wit, and great tact, and considerable training, to sit down at his table, with a sheet of white paper before him, and a variety of subjects flitting before his mind, and an hour afterwards hand that sheet to the printer, filled with half a dozen paragraph articles, such as shall not by their manner offend a critical eye, but he well measured and well balanced, and capable of winning the attention of the fastidious, and pleasing the fancy of the idle.

In the department of reviewing, too, the paragraph manufacturer requires more ability than that of the elaborate article. Hand a man of some intelligence and respectable education, but who may be a dull, plodding sort of a genius, the last new novel or poem, and in a week perhaps he will return you a very fair review of it, of two newspaper columns or five or six magazine pages in length, wherein you shall find his opinions recorded with much candor, and also a not uninteresting analysis of the machinery and plot of the work. Or if you happen to hand it to a person who has attempted authorship himself, and failed at the onset, and given up the business in despair—and he be one who is plentifully surcharged with the "wormwood and the gall" of man's nature, and the sight of the new book bids fair to be popular—and if two or three columns of your paper, or a dozen or two pages of your magazine or quarterly, do not very speedily breathe, and burn, and sparkle, with epithets worthy of the "Edinburgh," satire, such as abounds in the Dunciad, and denunciations equal to any in Juvenal or the "British Bards" it will be your own fault. But if you wish a notice of your book, written within a short time—say a couple of days—this period to include the time spent in its perusal—an impartial, pungent, unlabored notice—one which shall give you a good idea of the work, without overhauling all its machinery, and exposing all its minutiæ—you must place it in the hands of four score and ten persons, and after all seek out the trained, elegant and ready Paragraphist.

But few are aware of the peculiar talent, and real intellectual power, requisite for the production of the pithy, tart, and agreeable paragraph. Set the author of a profound work on metaphysics, to describing in four or five hundred words the great New York conflagration: or ask the eloquent divine to furnish you with a few lines respecting a new invention for warming rooms, or taking the kinks out of pigs tails and the wrinkles out of ladies foreheads, or making wheaten bread out of saw-dust and eating without the trouble of chewing, or for plugging your teeth without pain and extracting them with absolute pleasure, or for "sawing your leg off in five seconds short of a minute and fitting a cork one on in less than no time;" or, when you see an honest but unfortunate gentleman turned out of his house and home for debt, get you a worthy limb of the law to describe *brief*-ly the *act of ejectment*; or get a congressional speech maker to indite you an account of a brilliant juvenile May-Day festival, without bringing into requisition all the British Poets, and exhausting the English dictionaries of their superlatives: or a popular novelist to describe, in less than a full chapter, a public execution which takes place so near you that you are obliged to notice it; or, in fine, if you be an editor, as I am now supposing you to be, get the man of leisure, the known scholar and professed Intellectualist, to write a pungent paragraph about some excellent ginger which your neighbor the Notion Grocer has laid upon your table, or a spicy one about his well ground cinnamon, pepper and cloves, or a palatable one about his superior prepared coffee; *when* you shall have *attempted* all these things, you will have learnt how peculiarly a Paragraphist *is* a Paragraphist.

JOKES.—The cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life. "A joke's prosperity," says Shakespeare, "lies in the ear of the hearer;" and indeed it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to pronounce whether it be a good one or bad one, risibly speaking, for a *bon mot* may be too witty to be pleasant, or at least to elicit laughter: while a poor pleasantry, by the help of some ludicrous turn, or expression, or association of ideas, may provoke cachinnation, *à gorge déployée*. Nay, there are cases, in which a joke becomes positively good from its being so intolerably bad, and is applauded, in the inverse ratio of its merit, as the greatest honors are sometimes showered upon men who have the least honor. The admiration excited by the highest order of wit is generally serious, because it sets us thinking. It was said of a crafty Israelite, who deserted the Hebrew faith, without embracing that of the Christians, and yet endeavored to make both parties subservient to his selfish views, that he resembled the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither, and making a cover of both. No one would laugh at this; it is exactly that description of wit which has been defined, "an unexpected association of apparently dissimilar ideas, exciting pleasure and surprise." The author of the Pleasures of Hope being at a dinner-party with Mr. Turner, R. A., whose enthusiasm for his art led him to speak of it and of its professors as superior to all others, the bard rose, and after alluding, with a mock gravity, to his friend's skill in varnishing painters as well as paintings, proposed the health of Mr. Turner, and the worshipful company of painters and glaziers. This (to use the newspaper phrase) called up Mr. Turner, who with a similar solemnity, expressed his sense of the honor he had received, made some good-humored allusions to blotters of foolscap, whose works were appropriately bound in calf: and concluded by proposing in return, the health of Mr. Campbell, and the worshipful company of paper-stainers—a rejoinder that excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than the poet himself.

Heads and Tails, by Dr. Chatfield.

DRAM.—A small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety, and no scruples of conscience. Horace Walpole records, that when one of his contemporaries died, in consequence, as it was currently said, of an over-addiction to brandy, the escutcheon affixed to the house of the deceased exhibited the common motto of "*Mors janua vitæ;*" upon which a wag observed—"Surely, there has been a mistake in this inscription; it should have been "*Mors aqua vitæ.*" An inveterate dram-drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well, that's a comfort, at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

The Tin Trumpet.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1836.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

By some unaccountable hocus pocus the letters and papers brought by the Liverpool packet ship *Roscoe* which arrived on Thursday week last, were not distributed at the Post Office until after 2 o'clock on Friday. We kept our paper open until 1 P. M., in hopes of receiving our foreign letters, but at length were compelled to go to press without them, giving whatever we could find of sporting intelligence contained in a small parcel of our papers, that a pilot was good enough to bring up to us from the Roscoe on the evening previous. Unfortunately the package he brought us did not contain either our Sporting papers or letters, but chancing to fall in with a gentleman who had received a copy of the latest Bell's Life in London, we got hold of it and thus "saved our bacon." The next day our own turned up with a great variety of other sporting publications so that now we are once more right and tight. The letter of our Liverpool Correspondent on another page, we have been obliged to curtail, a portion of its contents having been anticipated by our extracts last week. The following letter from our London Correspondent will be read with interest.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, FEB. 22, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR:—As to Theatricals, I have little to say. Macready gets on amazingly, with "The Provost of Bruges," but no one, as yet, seems to know *who* is the author. I have an idea (but dont tell it to any one) that Henry Taylor, author of *Isaac Gonnera* and *Philip Van Artvelde* is the man. Take up the latter play, and mind its rythm—then read *The Provost*. I give a short extract from the latter. The one of the few imagerial passages in the play,—a description of the heroine's prophetic dream.

Constance. You will but mock me:
'Twas but the offspring of a sickly fancy—
A silly fear, not worth another thought.
Bouchard. It was a *fear*, then?
Constance. Yes—a heavy sadness
That sat upon my heart, converting all things
On which I look'd to evil arguries.
Last night, when o'er the thickly studded sky
The fleecy clouds would ever and anon
Eclipse the gems of Heaven, I mark'd one star
That twinkled in its sphere so joyously,
The pitying vapours, as in tenderness,
Forebore that part of Heaven—and pass'd along
On either side, leaving an open path
Where that star lay: and, as I look'd on it,
And thought upon my own unclouded life,
I call'd that star myself; when, on the instant,
A heavy streak, that had in ambush lain,
Crept over it, and made a blot of darkness
Where it had been. I saw my star no more!
You do not smile, Bouchard?

This day week, a new piece, by Mrs. Planche was brought out at the Olympic Theatre. Madame Vestris and young Mathews have the weight of the plot upon their shoulders. I suspect it is of French origin. A *Mrs. Wyndham* (Vestris) marries, when blind, and in her husband's absence, is cured of that blindness. The husband has been in the habit of telling his wife that he is an Adonis (which he is not) and the wife, finding the portrait of a handsome man in her mother's hands, fancies that *this* represents her husband. But the portrait is that of his cousin (J. Vining) who is attached to her cousin *Mrs. Melfort* (Mrs Mc Namara): This "handsome man" tries to pass himself off as Mr. Wyndham, who has been two years absent;—after a world of blunders, Mrs. Wyndham prefers her ordinary husband to a handsome fop. The burletta is truly a good one, but it wanted the breadth of Liston's acting, in the ugly husband. The fact is, the character was written for Liston, but given to Mathews. Fancy Liston's great jowl—and awkward figure—and staring eyes. Instead of this he has Matthews' neat figure, black eyes, and good looking countenance.

Braham has brought out, since my last, a new burletta, *conveyed* from the *Jean* of Paul de Kock:—it is named *The Rough Diamond*. In the original French version, taken from the novel, Lafond had the chief character, *Jean*. But, truth to say, this English version is *very* so-so. *Jean* was transformed to *John English* and executed by Forrester. A Miss Rees made her debut in this witless burletta—and all but failed. She sang indifferently, and was *not* frightened. It is worth while, however, to go to St. James's Theatre—for there you may see all the fashion of London. It is very doubtful, notwithstanding, whether it yet pays any thing in proportion to the expense laid out on and in it.

At the Queen's Theatre we have had, from the French company, *Pauvre Jaques*—the original of *Monsieur Jaques*, at Braham's West End Theatre, in which, as I mentioned formerly, Barnett made such a decided hit. The performance of the French piece changes the thing, and turns the tables on Morris Barnett. If Barnett has copied from Vizentini (the actor of *Jaques* at the Queen's) then Barnett is but a clever imitator;—it seems scarcely likely that Barnett is imitated by Vizentini. Barnett's chief praise must be that he translated the piece—putting said translation out as an original. Yet, whether copy or original, Barnett's is a fine piece of acting;—it was the individualitiy of Vizentini, but this may be the effect of temperament.

After *Pauvre Jaques* we had "A Lesson in Love," translated from the clever French piece *L'Ami Grandet*." Volney and the incomparable Leontine Fay played in this comedy, with striking effect, at the French Theatre here, last season. Parry takes the part of Mr. Frankly, (the double of *Ami Grandet*) Miss L. Melville, the coquette, and Mr. Worrell (a new man) the lover. The latter is the best walking gentleman it has been my lot to see "on any boards!"

At the Olympic, Matthews continues a prime favorite: his Neapolitan song and Tarantula dance in "One Hour," are worth a dozen plays—of the modern fashion and fabric.

At the Adelphi, they have hit upon a new entertainment for Lent, on Wednesday and Friday. It is a Monopolylogue written by little Buckstone, and acted, with great gusto, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Then follows a kind of "At Home" (after the Senior Matthews' fashion) by Mr. Webster, and a series of tableaux, dissolvent views, &c. &c.

Joanna Baillie's new play "The Separation," is announced at Covent Garden, for Monday night. The principal parts in this truly fine tragedy will be taken by Charles Kemble, Helen Faucit, Miss Wyndham, George Bennet, Pritchard, and Tilbury. It is to be got up in a magnificent manner, with Spanish costumes, scenery, &c.

Let me turn from Theatricals to Literature. I do not profess, save as an episode, to mention books, but "once and again," as they say in Kent, a body may mention a book. A Mr. Henry Fairbairn has brought out what, whether he be mad or sane, is one of the greatest curiosities that the world of readers ever saw. It is called, "A treatise on the Political Economy of Railroads; in which the new mode of locomotion is considered in its influence upon the affairs of nations." The memorable motto of Colonel David Crockett, Ex-member of Congress, appears to be the polarstar of Mr. Fairbairn's literary route. "Go ahead!" is his subject—and ahead he *does* go.

His first speculation is that every principal turnpike road in this country should be forthwith changed into railroads. For the present, he would leave the middle of the road, for common coaches (doubtless, with a view to preserve the life interest of the cattle who draw them!) but he would have a railway on each side of the road—cutting away the hedges, to gain the requisite breadth. Then, another railroad should be raised on arches, on each lateral railway, so as to give the passengers plenty of fresh air, I suppose. He calculates that, in due time, [when the present generation of coach horses expire!] the middle or common carriage road should also be made into a railway [double] wilh railways over that also, so that, in time, what are now plain and vulgar turnpike roads, should form eight lines of railway—four, like Mahomet's coffin, hanging in mid-air,—four on *terra firma*.

Mr. Fairbairn having thus made the roads like cross old maids, (i. e. *railing*) forms a calculation of the utility of them. He takes, as an instance, London and Dover; says that to convey goods from Dover to London by water, now costs 25*s*. a ton—that *his* railroads could do it for one fifth that amount,—and that, of course, Dover would, under such circumstances, become the port of London. He therefore, to facilitate this stupendous plan, proposes that the cliffs of Dover should be taken down—that they should be thrown into the sea for three or four miles, so as to reach deep water, and thence he "would build walls of hewn stone, or of rough material, with external surface of iron, forming the docks and other appurtenances of a a harbour of great extent,"—he inculcates that the French, not to be outdone by us would do, on their side, what we do on ours, and if we commence somewhere "between Dover and Folkstone, ten miles of channel only would intervene between the harbours," and *this could be bridged over by a causeway*, (!!) or, if the navigation meets, be kept open, by a suspension-bridge with drawbridges, or by "other cheap and practicable modes!"

This proposal—so very "*practicable and cheap*," is nothing to what follows: supposing it were not wished to throw *a bridge over ten miles of the straits of Dover*, Mr. Fairbairn don't see why there should not be *a tunnel under them!* He says, "a tunnel could be constructed from the extremities of the two harbours proposed, and would therefore be *only* TEN MILES LONG!"

Mr. Fairbairn acknowledges that if he makes Dover the port of London, the Docks of London will become useless:—his plan is to let out the water, make gardens on their sites, and use the warehouses as manufactories. As for the Thames, we are told that "all the great navigable streams will now be deserted for the land. Let Father Thames then die."

England thus intersected with railways, and joined to the Continent either by a bridge, a causeway, or the ten miles' tunnel, this great projector turns his eyes to Ireland. He would join Ireland to Scotland—by means of a railway. He would not quite recommend a tunnel, because, although practicable (to Laputan engineers) it would, in the middle of St. George's channel, have to encounter the trifling difficulty of ninety eight fathoms depth. No, he would fill up the interchannels between the Copeland Islands, and leave *only* ten miles of sea between Port Patrick and Donaghadee,—these ten miles he would partly wall into, and partly bridge over.

Then, again, he would have a bridge from Liverpool at Holyhead to the Isle of Man, and another from thence to Ireland. But this is a trifle:—he hints at a tunnel through the Atlantic from Ireland to America! Here are the *ipssissima verba*: "Here I will boldly point out the circumstance, that the depth of the Atlantic Ocean, between the Western Coast of Ireland and the coast of Newfoundland, does not carry an average depth of more than 35 fathoms, the distance being 1200 miles. In this age, nothing can be presumed to be founded upon such a circumstance in the natural history of the sea; but, in anticipation of the wonders of futurity, the shallowness of the Ocean between these Islands and the Continent of America may be worthy of being pointed out."

Having joined the old world with the new, Mr Fairbairn proceeds to the East Indies. We find him, a colossus of *roads*, striding across the Isthmus of Suez. He proposes to connect the Red sea with the Mediteranean by a canal with iron bottom, and iron sides—a series of huge iron cisterns for 500 ton vessels. Or, should this canal not suit, he would have a marine railway, so that vessels could be raised on it, (cargoes and all) "and transported by locomotive steam engines across the Isthmus." Just think of what a huge locomotive would be required to drag a vessel of 500 tons!

If this marine railway would not suit, then he proposes a common railway for waggons. For, argues he, this "would still effect a most extensive saving of time, hazard, and expence as compared to the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. A waggon might then be shipped at Bombay, and unloaded at Suez, passing thence to Alexandria, and again shipped for the port of Marseilles, and upon the railroad to England direct. Thus would this waggon and its contents be conveyed from Bombay to London, without being unloaded, in about fifteen days."

Dont think that Mr. Fairbairn means to rest at Bombay. Not he! He says, "in continuation and connexion with the route to the East Indies, a railway may be formed across the peninsula of India from Bombay to Calcutta, which is a distance of nine hundred miles."—Cause why? "Due east from Calcutta at a distance of 1200 miles, and 2000 east from Bombay, is the city of Canton, the great trading port of the Chinese Empire."

You will imagine this to be a quiz—a mere burlesque. Be assured of the contrary. Mr. Henry Fairbairn is as much in earnest as ever man was. He lays down his schemes as matters which may be easily executed—questions of expenses and profits—and although he can convince no one, is himself convinced that what he proposes, can and will be done! It is a strange instance of monomania. But perhaps not: give him the wealth of Crœsus, fifty-fold multiplied—give him the longevity of Methusaleh—give him the ring of Aladdin, and he *may* execute all he projects.

The French Court has been unusually gay of late. The death of the Queen of Naples (niece to Louis Phillippe's wife) has, for a time, checked this gaiety. There was to have been a fancy ball at the Duke of Orleans' apartments, in the Tuilleries, (at which the Hon. Miss Beresford and Miss Horne Purvis would have been the leading stars) but this demise has put an end to it.

I was in the House of Commons on Friday evening, where, much to the astonishment of every one present, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and said that Viscount Sidmouth, had voluntarily resigned the pension of £3,000 per annum which he had drawn, since 1826, as Ex-Secretary of State for the Home Department. Would not the atonement have been more complete if his Lordship had resigned the amount received for the last ten years?

The Duke of Cumberland, so much hated, gives a weekly dinner each Saturday. Billy Holmes, ex-whipper-in of the Tory Members in the Commons is always one of the guests—there are only *five* at each feed.

One of the *belles* in Paris is a COLONEL THORNE, an American. He is cut up, weekly, by the Paris Correspondent of the London *Age*, who says that he has been no more than a purser in the U. S. Navy. Whoever, or whatever he is, he is a man of immense wealth, and scatters his money about in a style *magnifique*. He has some fifty servants, thirty horses, and half a dozen carriages. His expenditures I am informed, equal that of the Duke of Devonshire, (new at Paris) who is vehemently angry that any American should *dare* to eclipse him. There appears to be some mystery about this "Colonel Thorne." *Who is he—what is he—whence is he?*

A cavalry officer in the French service, recently eloped with a rich and handsome English girl, from her hotel near the Place Vendome, Paris. Papa followed, and overtook the happy pair at Versailles. The gallant lover showed fight, and "pitched into" the old gentleman. The young lady, it seems, did not relish this, and flew at the lover, scarring his face with her nails. In the *melee*, off came his wig and whiskers, and on the sight of his bald head, the lady immediately walked off with her father, and drove home. The swain, sincerely attached to her (money?) followed, attempted to make his way into his dulcina's sweet presence, but papa had sent to the proper quarter, for his Colonel came and ordered him into arrest. The Colonel was struck with the lady's charms, (she has 10,000 *sterling and sovereign ones*) accepted an invitation to "tea" with them, proposed that evening, was accepted, (for Miss longed for a husband) and the marriage was to take place on the 15th. The first lover, released from his arrest, challenged the Colonel, *pricked* him with his sword through the lungs, and the lady, loath to be husbandless, again took to her swain No. 1, and has married him. There's a chapter of accidents for you. "None but the brave deserve the fair!"

Here's a riddle for your female readers:—When is a bonnet more than a bonnet? Let them answer *that*.

The *Washington Mirror*, one of the ablest weekly papers in the country, is edited by RUFUS DAWES, Esq., the poet, who has resolved upon increasing its subscription price from two to three dollars per annum. It's cheap as Texas land at that. We quoted an article from it last week worth double the money.

The newspapers are saying all manner of handsome things of *Saint's* new hotel in Philadelphia. He gives *glorious* dinners, and his suppers are *divine*.

A BLUNDER.—A fellow was last week tried at the Middlesex Sessions for a *foul* robbery, *i. e.*, plundering a farmer's poultry-yard near Brentford; and was clearly convicted of the audacious abduction of a *gander;* which, in his defence, he said he took for a *lark*.

☞ We are desired to state that the races over *Davison's Course*, N. J., are indefinitely postponed on account of the backwardness of the spring.

Hudson has engaged the *Sylph*, the crack Boston yacht, for a pilot news boat, and will place her in the line on the 1st of May.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rodolph and Nancy Scott.—A favorite correspondent writes from Washington that we have made Sir Archie the sire of Rodolph and Nancy Scott, and says they were both sired by *Archy Montario*, sometimes called "Archy of Transport." On referring to our Table of Winning Horses we do not find the name of Nancy *Scott*. Can our friend refer to Nancy *Blunt?* He further says, "*Extio* is made to win *two* races: she never started but for *one*, which she beat easily." We must believe our correspondent to be in error here, as she is made in our Tables to win but a single race.

The distressing rumor that reached us from Alabama *via* Washington having proved unfounded, we omit all details out of regard to the feelings of the friends of the parties, which would be shocked at the mere recital. The wretch who fabricated the report, it would be mercy to chop up with a dull meat axe.

"N." will please accept our hearty thanks for his very original and spirited sporting epistles. May we not look to see him at one of our Spring meetings?

Our *Theatrical Portraits* will be given very soon. Several are ready. We proposed to commence the series with that of a distinguished American now abroad, but circumstances over which we had no control, and which we need not mention here, have induced us to wait a few weeks more. In the meanwhile the gallery is filling up, and our readers will lose nothing by the short delay.

There is a trotting match on the tapis that will make the natives open their eyes. *Edwin Forrest* will probably get his foot in it, and further, this week, deponent saith not.

JAMES WALLACK, the popular actor, was born at Lambeth, Aug. 20th, 1794. He first visited this country in 1820, accompanied by his wife, the daughter of the celebrated *Irish* Johnstone, after Kean and George Frederick Cooke had exhibited their great powers before an American audience.

The monument to Geo. Frederick Cooke, in St. Paul's church yard, on Broadway, was erected by Edmund Kean.

Tramp. A Baltimore subscriber writes that he has a fine brood mare in England, who has produced him four promising colts by Tramp, whose pedigree, etc. we gave recently. He imports the colts when yearlings to America; his mare is now in foal to *Priam*.

"Kentucky" has sent us a long communication in relation to the Kendall Course, that requires too many alterations for insertion this week.

"Autocrat" is not forgotten. "Rome was not built in a day."

"Remember there is an *Oneida Chief*," is the conclusion of a letter to the Editor from the west, in relation to Trotting Horses. We twig the writer, and shall be glad to meet him and his fast nags on the Centreville this Spring.

Mr. CONKLIN has not decided positively to give a purse for Trotting Horses on the day of the great sweepstakes, on the Centreville course, though we trust he will. Why don't you all besiege him and tell him he must?

A "Tarnal Yankee" in Boston, says we are partial to Tennessee sportsmen. "That's a lie, old Ferret!"

N. B. and B. E. W. of Philadelphia shall hear of us "before soon." There's no fear of his being "Burked" by the New-Yorkers.

Summary.

COLONEL CROCKET.—Prentice, the editor of the Louisville Journal, says:—A gentleman from Nacogdoches, in Texas, informs us, that whilst there, he dined in public with Col. Crockett, who had just arrived from Tennessee. The old bear-hunter, on being toasted, made a speech to the Texians, replete with his usual dry humor. He began nearly in this style: "I am told, gentlemen, that when a stranger like myself, arrives among you, the first enquiry is—what brought him here? To satisfy your curiosity at once as to myself, I will tell you all about it. I was for some time a Member of Congress. In my last canvass, I told the people of my District, that, if they saw fit to re-elect me, I would serve them as faithfully as I had done; but if not, they might go to h—l, and I would go to Texas. I was beaten, gentlemen, and here I am." The roar of applause was like a thunder-burst.

MAGNANIMITY OF DON CARLOS.—What a glorious and magnanimous contrast does the edict issued by that much maligned Prince DON CARLOS of Spain, present, wherein he spares the lives of all foreigners in the service of the usurpress, being privates and non-commissioned officers, should they be captured by any of his troops, and the ferocious proclamations of the butcher MINA, who, in the words of Shakspeare, has as much mercy in him as a male tiger has milk. Such conduct contrasted must show in the true light the character of the rival causes. Bloodthirsty butcheries, national pillage, and debauchery on the one side—courage, moderation, humanity, morality, and honor on the other! Can the issue be doubted? [London Age.

The daily papers say, that "Lord and Lady William Lennox," are expected at Cheltenham. Who is *Lady* William Lennox? we know his Lordship well enough as the former husband of Mrs. Wood, the vocalist, but who his present lady is, surpasseth our comprehension.

"Forester, before his departure from town, took leave of Lady Jersey, I presume?" observed Mrs. Spalding to Sidney Herbert. "No," rejoined the pet of the petticoats, "he *asked* leave of her."

"The best cure," observed Charles Phillips "for a refractory female, particularly one given to dramming, is to *lick her*." "Not so," exclaimed Bodkin, "for by adding *liquor* to *spirit* you may give her a *drop* too much."

Londonderry, a little before he left town, quarrelled with his promising son, Castlereagh, and words got so high, that the "half idiot" Marquis threatened to cut him off with a shilliey. "Then, my respected papa, I fear you must borrow it," was the response of the gracelsss young man. The ignoble Marquis was half choked with passion.

The editors of the Herald lament the loss of their paper on board the Stranger, wrecked on the Florida Reef. We can readily condole with them, for we have lost both our paper and an elegant and extensive assortment of new type. We had hoped by the first of the next month, to have cast aside our russets and come out in splendid attire, bright and beautiful as the opening blossoms. But the sea has engulphed our hopes for a time. We have, however, renewed our order, and shall lose no time to repair the misfortune as soon as possible. Columbus (Geo.) Sentinel.

CIVIC SAGACITY.—Horace Walpole tells a story of a Lord Mayor of London in his time, who having heard that a friend had the small pox twice and died of it, enquired if he died the first time or the second.

AMERICAN NAVAL EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH SEAS.—We are glad to learn that it is probable Congress before they adjourn, will make a liberal appropriation for this important expedition. J. N. Reynolds, Esq the distinguished navigator, has been for many years urging this project upon the attention of the public, with an indefatigable zeal and disinterested devotion which do him much honor. Star.

An English "mi lor," at Paris, was lately played a consummate hoax. He invited forty friends to a *soiree*, and one whom he did *not* invite sent out cards, to the tune of 1500, in his name. They all came—only two saloons had been prepared for the reception of the company—there was supper for forty, but what was that among 1500? in fine, as the newspapers say, "it was a scene to be imagined rather than deseribed!" Ib.

"FLAT BURGLARY AS EVER WAS COMMITTED."—The Philadelphia Ledger, in alluding to the Wood mania in Boston, says—

"When folly is the fashion, no people can exceed these grave and considerate Bostonians. When Fanny Kemble was leaving them for Gotham, they collected before the Tremont Hotel, on Horseback, beaux and belles, to the number of several thousands to escort the stage coach that bore Fanny to Providence."

A writer of love tales, in describing one of his heroines, says, "innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." The Exeter News Letter thinks it is not a very secure residence, as it would stand a pretty smart chance of being *combed out*. Boston Morning Post.

An Irish papdr states that "the Boyne is now literally alive with salmon; they are shouldering each other out of the river." Miraculous! we wonder whether such a thing happened anywhere but in an Irish river. The idea of the poor salmon a shouldering each other out of the river!" Shameful! We must talk to our Sam-on the subject.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in the *mind*. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a *gentleman*. From Hints on Etiquette.

A considerable sensation was produced on 'Change, on Wednesday last, by the appearance of Sir Claudius Hunter in a state of the greatest anxiety. It appeared that the worthy Alderman had lately invested a large sum in Greek scrip, relying upon the stability of King Otho's government. To his utter consternation, however, on looking at the paper in the morning, he observed a letter dated from Athens, commencing with "Order reigns in Greece." The face of Sir Claudius became as long as one of the bills of costs he used to draw out when in practice; and it required all the Rothschilds to convince him of his mistake.

A MISTAKE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—I was once dining in company with some old members of Parliament now dead, who related a number of anecdotes, of which I relate only this:—"Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons, in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the colonies, called it 'the last war.' He took no notice, and soon after repeated the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of 'the last war but one! the last war but one!'—'I mean, sir,' said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, 'I mean sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember!' whereupon the cry was instantaneously changed into an universal cheer, long and loud. The Original.

A SNORER.—A womon in Ohio recently applied for a divorce; and one of the principal reasons for so doing was, that her husband snored so loud that it was impossible to sleep.

Sam Crawley desires us to say he is not the man mentioned in a provincial paper, who, for a wager of five pounds, devoured at one meal four bundles of tripe, a shoulder of mutton, three pounds of salmon, two quarts of turtle soup, three brace of partridges, six pounds of plumb pudding, a damson tart, a pound of rushlights, a dozen eustards, and a Stilon cheese, washing all down with two gallons of London porter, two bottles of Madeira, three of port, and, as a wind up, eight glasses of brandy and water, "cold without." Sam offers, however, to back himself at long odds to accomplish the feat, throwing in a capon stuffed with oysters, as a sort of intervening morsel between the acts. Sam's capacity is well known: he is considered the champion against time of all the heavy weights in the kingdom. Falstaff was a baby to him.

We beg to call the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the circumetance of an Irismman, in St. Giles's, endeavoring to cure his child of the hooping-cough by communicating it to a donkey. The idea of such a thing as a donkey in the hooping-cough is to us as ridiculous as a frog in the quinsy.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

In this paper of the 26th March, we appended to an editorial article on the "Prospects of the Northern Turf Campaign," a piece of waggery from the fertile brain of a Maryland Turfman, wherein he had classified the Northern four mile horses and quoted what he presumed would be the state of the odds, was each saddled for a sweepstakes, four mile heats, governed by the rules of the Union Course. The idea was original, and if his conclusions were not borne out by the premises, it must be remembered our correspondent drew upon his imagination for his facts. No one, of course, conceived the possibility of the occurrence of such a circumstance as that the twelve horses named would ever start together, still, the idea was a good one, as showing the estimation in which horses belonging to one section of the country are held in another. So far as we have heard the communication alluded to has been well received, as indeed being well meant, it deserved to be. It has excited considerable attention, too, if we may judge from the newspapers and letters from various parts of the country. Here at home, knots of turfites and the lovers of horse-flesh might be seen for a week afterwards discussing the favorites over their cheer, and canvassing the claim of this horse or that mare to the quotation allotted to it in the state of the odds.

It is an old saying, if not true that "one good thing brings on another." We believe in its truth in the present instance, for an uninterested and exceedingly well informed correspondent at Washington, has sent us the following state of the odds, which he quotes as the current prices in that vicinity. He takes a more extended view of the matter than our Maryland friend, though several crack nags of Mississippi and Florida are not embraced in its limits that would prove ugly customers in the finest field.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS—AT WASHINGTON.

NO FT.	P. P.	NO FT.	P. P.
5 to 3 agst Trifle,	5 to 1	13 to 1 agst John Bascomb	21 to 1
7 to 1 — Post Boy,	17 to 1	13 to 1 — Rodolph,	21 to 1
7 to 1 — Argyle,	17 to 1	27 to 1 — Lady Morgan,	47 to 1
7 to 1 — Ironett,	17 to 1	27 to 1 — Bay Maria	47 to 1
7 to 1 — Mingo,	17 to 1	27 to 1 — Veto,	47 to 1
7 to 1 — Betsey Malone,	17 to 1	27 to 1 — Cadmus,	47 to 1
13 to 1 — John Dawson,	21 to 1	27 to 1 — Linnet,	47 to 1
13 to 1 — Clara Howard,	21 to 1	27 to 1 — Angora,	47 to 1
13 to 1 — Lady Nashville	21 to 1		

SWEEPSTAKES, TWO MILE HEATS, P. P.

5 to 1 against	Clara Howard	7 to 1 against	Linnet
5 to 1 —	Veto	7 to 1 —	Post Boy
5 to 1 —	Cadmus	7 to 1 —	Argyle
5 to 1 —	Angora	7 to 1 —	Hibernia
7 to 1 —	Mingo		

I presume Mazeppa and Alice Gray are off the turf. Yours truly, N.

A Long Island sportsman, well known on the turf, and *au fait* to the stable secrets of the North, has volunteered to give us the state of the odds among *his* friends. He merely quotes the prices of those horses named by our Maryland correspondent in a previous paper. It will be seen that Veto and Cadmus have especially advanced. His quotations are based upon the supposition that each horse is brought to the post in condition.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS—ON LONG ISLAND.

SWEEPSTAKES, Four-mile heats; subscription $1000; three years old, 90 lbs.; four, 104 lbs.; five, 114 lbs.; six, 121 lbs.; aged, 126 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

3 to 1 against	Trifle	7 to 1 against	Ironette
4 to 1 —	Post Boy	8 to 1 —	Cadmus
5 to 1 —	Mingo	9 to 1 —	Black Heath
5 to 1 —	Argyle	10 to 1 —	Sally Eubanks
6 to 1 —	Juliana	10 to 1 —	Clara Howard
6 to 1 —	Veto	20 to 1 —	Henry Archie.

It is now understood that *Post Boy* and *Mingo* certainly start for the four mile purse, at the first spring meeting on the Union Course. *Veto* or *Cadmus* likewise will go. As they are in training in the same stable, of course but one can start. In all probability, nothing south of New-Jersey will be entered for it. *Ilasca* is in training on the Island; and if she shows as much game at the finish as now, we shall see what the stock of Eclipse and Betsey Ransom can do. *Admiral's* match ($5000 a side, 4 mile heats,) with *Margaret Armistead*, (late Rebecca Coleman) on the first day, will shut him out. *Dr. Syntax*, however, will make his place good. *Tarquin* promises well, and *may* start. Without our Jersey friends bring on a "singed cat," or some nag, now outside the fence, turns up a trump, the above comprise the entries for the 4 mile day. There is a good deal of chaffing about some others not specified above, but when it comes to putting up "*the aforesaid*," it will be "no go."

Of the entries for the three mile day, little is known. It bids fair to rival in interest "the great day" succeeding. The field will be larger, undoubtedly, than has ever started on the Union Course, and those acquainted with our young stock must be aware it exceeds in number and promise that of any previous season.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

The pertinent and forcible remarks that follow are of obvious importance, and we are pleased that our columns should have been selected as the medium through which to communicate them to the sporting public. We need not seek to impress upon the reader's mind the weight of consideration to which the suggestions of Mr. Stevens are entitled, as the opinion of a gentleman of science and great practical experience on the turf.

The whole subject will be brought before the Club, and we trust in season to be passed upon before the Spring meeting.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, ESQ.—Dear sir: I have been long satisfied that many beneficial changes might be made in the laws and regulations usually adopted by Jockey Clubs. The large amount subscribed to the different sweepstakes, and the number of matches made in late years, renders it important that every exertion should be used to make it as certain, as the nature of the case will allow, that the best horse should win. I say, as certain as the nature of the case will allow, because it by no means follows that a horse, though decidedly better than any one of his opponents single handed, will prove so, when in a crowd and running heats, where after doing his best and winning against one, he is obliged in 20 or 30 minutes to start against another, that has probably saved his distance in the first heat and is (comparatively) fresh for the second. Shortening the distance from 240 to 120 yards has *lessened* the inequality, and has also made it necessary that it should be more acurately ascertained than is usually done, when a horse *is* or *is not* distanced. To effect this, at each of the different distances, let two posts be placed, six inches a-part, with a groove in each, deep enough to receive a slide (painted red) two feet long and six inches wide. To the bottom end of this slide, attach a weight heavy enough to bring it down with certainty, and with such velocity as may be deemed best. To the upper end of the slide, fasten a cord,—reeve it over three or four, or as many pulleys as may be necessary to keep it from swaying, and pass it to the judges' stand where it is secured until wanted. On the outer side of the track and opposite to this painted slide, the distance judge is placed, in a stand so high, that he looks over a small cord stretched to the opposite post. When the first horse arrives at the ending post, the standing judge lets go the cord (which he holds in his hand for the purpose) the slide falls and enables the distance judge to decide, instantly and accurately, what horses are within and what without the distance. In case of accident (which to so simple a contrivance is but little likely to happen) the judges might be provided with the flags commonly used. By adopting this method, and making the stand of the distance judge commodious, and so high that it commands the *best* view of the race, you will find no difficulty in procuring gentlemen willing and competent to do a duty, that has been hitherto, (though one of the most important) one of the most unpleasant and irksome.

A second and more important point is the start. In this, frequent and unfair advantages are gained; sometimes (spite of his best endeavor) given by the judge, but oftener *taken* by the groom or trainer who leads the horse up. It is no uncommon thing to see from five to fifty yards, lost or gained in the start.—When this happens in a mile race and for an important stake, the chances are, you lose your money and your temper together. This I would endeavor to remedy in the following manner. I would cause a mark to be made across the track ten yards (more or less according to the number and temper of the horses) from the judge's stand, and another mark ten yards back of that. Between these two marks I would require every horse to take his station, and no groom should lead his horse back of the one that was fartherest from, or over the other that was nearest to the stand, until ordered by the judge to "*come on*." If they came well and evenly together, he would *tap the drum*—if not, he would order them back.

By this mode, the difficulty in starting horses (which nine times out of ten, arises from the anxiety of the trainers or riders to get an advantage) would be much, very much, lessened. They would not be permitted to put their horses in motion, until ordered to do so by the judge, nor could they (purposely) go back of the farther line to come up on a run, or cross the nearer one, much in advance of their opponents, without subjecting themselves to such a penalty as would prevent their attempting it a second time.

There is a third rule that, perhaps, more than either of the former, requires to be amended or to be differently enforced:—viz. that which pertains to the time allowed between heats—from twenty to thirty-five minutes, according to the distance run, is given by the rules and it is no uncommon occurrence to see forty instead of twenty, and fifty instead of thirty-five consumed by the manœuvres of a trainer, whose horse requires more rest and breath than he is likely to acquire in the twenty or thirty-five allowed. This is an evil that can be *certainly* remedied, and every principle of justice and fairness requires that it should be so.—Let there be a clock (a wooden one will answer) set over the judge's stand, in a conspicuous place, with a notice in letters so large, that owners, trainers and bettors, and he that runs may read, of the precise time of starting in each heat. Let this be announced and placarded after every heat, on a sign hung up for the purpose. Make it the *imperative duty* of the judge to start the horse or horses that are ready at the expiration of the time. If the time allowed by the present rule be too short, make it longer; but let no such paltry excuses, as the breaking of a girth or stirrup leather—the springing of a plate, or any other accident that may have happened in a *former heat*, be listened to—let there be no delay except such as may arise from a difficulty in getting a restive horse to his station, or in starting him after he is there. Render it certain that the judge will start the horses when the minute hand of the clock arrives at the appointed time, and my word for it, horses, trainers and owners will be ready. Smiths, and girths, and stirrup leathers will (as they should) be provided beforehand, and the horses as well as those who back them, be placed upon a fair and a more equal footing.

I have not the time, nor you the space to spare, to give the many reasons that might be urged in favor of the proposed alterations. I can only say they are opinions not hastily formed. Should they be thought of sufficient importance, or worth an insertion in your valuable and widely circulating journal make such use of the whole or any part of them as you may think best.

With great respect, your ob't servt.
JOHN C. STEVENS.

P. S. The different distances ought, I think, to be marked by different colored flags or permanent signs. They would enable the riders to judge more accurately of their relative positions.

MACON (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Annual Meeting of this Club commenced on the Western Course, on the 21st of March, and continued five days. The weights adopted are those of the Central Course, viz:—for three years old, 86 lbs.; four, 100 lbs.; five, 110 lbs.: six, 118 lbs., and aged, 124 lbs., with an allowance of 3 lbs. to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, March 21. Purse $200, Mile Heats.

Mr. Young Johnston's b. f. *Hill Mary*, by President, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. old	1	1
Col. J. H. Townes' b. h. *Whalebone*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 3 yrs. old	2	4
Mr. J. G. Winter's ch. s. *Acacia*, by Henry, dam by Expedition, 3 yrs. old	4	2
Mr. Mark Vance's s. f. 3 yrs. old, by Contention, dam by Gallatin	3	3

Time—1st heat 1m 50s.—2d heat 1m 50s.

SEBOND DAY, March 22. Purse $300, Two Mile Heats.

Col. J. H. Townes' c. f. *Eliza Hicks*, by Timoleon dam Potomac, out of Dutchess, by imported Bedford, 4 yrs. old	1 1
Messrs. Howard & Kenan's ch. f. *Agarro Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 2 yrs. old, weight a feather	2 dist.
Mr. Young Johnston's ch. h. *Richard*, by Sir Richard, dam by Rifleman, 5 yrs. old, [ran one mile and withdrawn.]	

Time—1st heat 3m. 55s.—2d heat 4m.

THIRD DAY, March 23. Purse $500, Three Mile Heats.

Mr. John G. Winter's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Henry, dam by Expedition, 3 yrs. old	1 1
Col. J. J. Pittman's br. f. *Mary Doubleday*, by John Henry, dam by Dungannon, 4 yrs. old	2 2
Mr. Mark Vance's g. s. *Gov. Mc Duffie*, dam by old Potomac, 4 yrs. old	3 dr.

Time—1st heat 5m.50s.—2d heat 6m. 4s.

FOURTH DAY, March 24. Purse $1,000, Four Mile Heats.

Messrs. Howard & Kenan's gr. f. *Miss Medley*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by St. Tammany, 4 yrs. old	3	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. c. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 3 yrs old	1	bolt.	
Mr. John G. Winter's ch. h. *Hickory John*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. old	2	2	2

Time—1st heat 7m. 50s.—2nd heat 7m. 50s—3d heat 8m. 2s.

FIFTH DAY, March 25. Purse $320, Mile Heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. J. H. Townes' ch. f. *Eliza Hicks*, by Timoleon, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. old	1	1	1
Mr. Young Johnston's b. f. *Hill Mary*, by President, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. old	2	2	4
Mr. John G. Winter's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Henry, dam by Marshal Duroc, 3 yrs. old	3	4	2
Mr. Mark Vance's sorrel filley by Contention, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs. old	4	3	3

Time.—1st heat 1m. 52s,—2d heat, 1m. 52s.—3d heat 1m. 50s.

MACON, Ga. 27th March, 1836.

To the Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR—Allow me to give a faint but impartial account of the great Race which took place yesterday over this course for the Jockey Club purse, $1000, four mile heats. Col. J. J. PITTMAN, of Florida, entered his b. c. *American Citizen*, HOWARD & KENAN, *Miss Medley*, and JOHN G. WINTER, Esq. *Hickory John*. This was one of the greatest betting Races we ever witnessed on this course and created more than usual interest, as Miss Medley was a favorite in this vicinity, on account of her splendid performance 12 months since, beating Lady Nashville and Rattle Snake—Hickory John's recent performance at Charleston, and the Florida Colt having won a big Sweepstakes and Jockey Club purse at Tallahassee the same week, both three mile heats. He was considered by many the favorite against the field; bets were however made in all possible shapes of the largest kind; indeed, the Florida boys backed their Colt with great nerve, and well they might; *his high racing form* and fine bold action is well calculated to make him a favorite in any field. He was said however to be too high; Miss Medley had improved since her Race at Augusta, and Hickory John was said to be in the best fix of the three, both by his owner and friends.

It was thought that American Citizen would have been entered for the 3 mile day, but Col. Pittman declined doing so after learning he would go without opposition and of choice prefered a contest with these two horses, so much talked of in the South, and proposed in open Club, to raise the purse of 600 to $1000—which was agreed to. These prompt and liberal propositions induced us to suppose he would, as he did, prove himself a *worthy citizen* of the South.

At 12 o'clock they were brought to the stand, and at the tap went off—American Citizen in the lead, Hickory John close up, and Miss Medley swinging around the turns with her usual easy and graceful stride; they continued at that rate for three miles and a quarter; on making the turn Citizen swerved from the track, and before he could be got again to work, Hickory John had obtained the lead about forty feet, but it would not do. The long and powerful stride of American Citizen soon brought him alongside and he passed his adversary in 350 yards, and won the heat by two or three lengths, in 7 m. 50 s.

At the signal, they all appeared at the stand to go for the second heat and got off well together. Citizen soon, (in spite of his rider, seemingly) threw himself ahead, Miss Medley going at him every inch of the ground. Hickory was disposed to let her do most of the work this heat, and they went as though it was to be settled the first round. Citizen kept the lead for two miles and a quarter, when he suddenly dashed against the fence, bolted, threw his rider and was loose in the woods for half an hour. Hickory John made up his gap as soon as it was prudent to do so, but was unable to lock the mare.

The Florida Colt having bolted, Miss Medley and Hickory John contended single handed. They were off—Medley in the lead, and Hickory, disposed to shew this gentle Miss no favours, drove her *up to the handle* the three first rounds; but she was too much for him; at the same place in the third round where the F. Colt bolted, Miss Medley having no doubt in a good degree placed her affections on the American Citizen, plainly made it manifest by attempting to follow his *disgraceful example*. Hickory John availed himself of this opportunity to throw her off. She, however, yielded to the pursuasion of her skilful rider and strode by him in 250 yards, and won the heat.

A SUBSCRIBER.

GOSSIP IN SOUTHERN SPORTING CIRCLES.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 2, 1836.

Dear Sir,—The great sweepstakes that comes off here in May is making *some noise*. There are *many* favorites. Some think OLD HICKORY'S filly stands a fair chance; others say CORBIN'S entry is good for the money, while the full sister of Trifle is thought to be faster than *streaked lightning*. And then there is the "*Old Napoleon*," with his "*white whig*," just dropping in to bother the best of them. Be it as it may, there will be lots of fun.

Some few have left here for Augusta, to turn a penny in an honest way. CROWELL'S stable, has no backer here except at large odds. I presume *Lady Morgan*, *Bay Maria*, and *Lady Nashville* will come together at Augusta; if they do, it will be a betting race. The owners of two of them have long purses and plenty of nerve.

Have you seen Urganda's colt, by Humphrey Clinker? BOARDMAN imported her for Dr. ERSKINE, of Huntsville, and left her colt on Long Island. Urganda beat Lottery,—so did Humphrey Clinker; and if rich ancestry avail any thing, this colt ought to be a *stinger*. I saw *Urganda* in Alabama. She is large, of powerful muscle and bone. *Design*, *Delight*, and *Sessions*, are only "*Sizable*." The *Vamp* mare has plenty of size. I was much pleased with *Delight*. *Sessions* I did not like, though her full sister *Refugee*, belonging to Mr. Jackson, has brought a splendid colt. The mares were all thin, and of course appeared to disadvantage. *Consol* looked well; he is a fine horse, with clean limbs, and I have no doubt is a valuable acquisition. I did not see *St. Giles* or *Lap Dog*, though I have seen several paintings of the former. I consider *St. Giles*, from his performances, pedigree, and appearance, as one of the best importations that has been made. Both he and Lap Dog won the Derby. *Gutty*, own sister to Chateau Margeaux, *Eliza*, *Schumla*, and *Pickle*, were imported also by Mr. KIRKMAN, for himself and his uncle Mr. JAMES JACKSON. Eliza is in foal to Emilius. Gutty and Schumla are neither in foal. Pickle is in foal to Taurus.

MAJOR MASON, of the Dragoons, is here at Washington. He is the gentleman, whose exploits in the field have been so often recorded in the Turf Register. I knew him to kill two large bucks at one discharge, killing them at full speed before the hounds. He and Lieut. VAN SWEARINGEN, of the 6th Infantry, are the best shots I have ever seen, and I doubt much whether they have their superiors in the world. They used to hunt a great deal together, and on one occasion, in parts of two days, bagged one hundred and eighty grouse. "Old Van," as his friends call him, is an odd genius—stubborn as a mule, if not approached the right way, but warm-hearted and generous to his friends. Had I to depend for a living upon any man's gun, I would take him in preference to all others. He accompanied Maj. RILEY, when he escorted the Santa Fe traders with a portion of the 6th Regiment, and killed more game while out than almost all the command put together.

He carried a *cow* with him, and when they first started, his brother officers used to laugh a great deal at him, but when they were dry and parched in the prairies, and saw Van quenching his thirst with a quart from *Old Cleopatra's* dugs, they laughed out of the other side of their mouths. Van nearly sheds tears when talking of this cow, and of his having been forced to leave her in the prairies on their return.

Capt. MARTIN SCOTT, of the 5th Infantry, is another celebrated shot. Van would be most happy to meet him on the grouse plains. If they ever meet, I will go a basket of the "*lead cork*" on Van. Major Mason once killed a partridge flying and rabbit running, at one shot. MAJOR GARLAND of the army is a keen sportsman and daring rider. When he and Major Mason were stationed together at Prarie du Chien, they gave the wolves no peace. Yours truly, N.

MATCH RACE AT NATCHEZ, MISS.

FRIDAY, March 11th. Match, mile heats, for $1000 a side, and an inside stake of $1000.

Mr. A. Conley's s. c. *Splendid*, by Waxey, 3 yrs. old, 86 lbs.	1	1
Mr. A. P. Youree's s. m. *Margery Greer*, by Stockholder, 4 yrs. old 97 lbs.	2	2

Time—1st heat, 1: 54—2d heat 1: 55. Splendid the favorite 2 to 1.

Our Correspondent writes that neither was in high condition. Margery had the track the 1st heat, but soon after the start was collared by Splendid who passed and won with something in hand. The second heat was won by about four lengths, Margery running under whip and spur. Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, do not the Natchez papers report the races on their two courses? The editor of the Courier, probably, has not got over the fun the *Races* there afforded him last Febuary, when Col. BINGAMAN'S Stable *walked over* for the four Jockey Club purses. How he must have enjoyed the *racing!*

A RACER DROWNED.—On Saturday afternoon last, a valuable race horse, (estimated to be worth at least four thousand dollars,) belonging to Col. Stevens, which was on board one of the Hoboken ferry boats, on its way to Philadelphia, became affrighted, and jumped into the river; and, notwithstanding that every effort was made to rescue it, it was unfortunately drowned. [Transcript & Ev. Star.

Spare your regrets, gentlemen, for this "valuable race horse" was only drowned in the Transcript, and not in the river. It is a pity to spoil so interesting a paragraph, but really we cannot help it. The writer's imagination, it was, and not the horse that jumped into the river, where we trust it may remain until cool.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

The *First Spring Meeting*, on this Course will commence on Tuesday, the 17th May next, and continue three days. Particulars of purses &c, in our next.

We beg to call the attention of votaries of the turf to an advertisement of STOP WATCHES, for sale by Messrs. Griffin, & Co., Pearl street. They were manufactured to order in Europe, and are admirably adapted for timers of horses. Every thorough-going turfis-man should possess one.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL AND THE MOON HOAX.—The Advertiser publishes the following copy of a letter of thanks from the celebrated astronomer, now engaged in surveying the heavens at the cape of Good Hope:

To Capt. Caldwell, of the American ship Levant, Table Bay.

Veldhauser, near Wynberg,
Cape of Good Hope, Jan. 5, 1836.

Sir John Herschel presents his compliments to Captain Caldwell, and begs to thank him for his communication of the extraordinary and most elaborate hoax in the New York Journal of Commerce for Sept. 2d, 1835, which he, (Sir J. H.) will be glad to be suffered to retain, partly as a curiosity, and partly as a perpetual reminder how trivial are the discoveries which all our boasted science has yet realized or is likely to reveal for ages to come, in comparison of what exists unknown and unsuspected among the realities of nature—even those nearest at hand and possibly not quite beyond our ultimate reach.

Sir J. H. will be happy (if Capt. Caldwell's stay at the Cape will permit) to satisfy him by ocular inspection, on how very humble a scale his astronomical operations here are conducted.

At Hingham Petty Sessions, a man of the name of Isaiah Dunant was convicted of having imposed upon the credulity of some country people in that neighbourhood. and obtained money from them under pretence of being "a cunning man," a term pretty well understood in most parts of the country, and which Isaiah found by no means a *profitless* pursuit. With all his cunning, however, Isaiah had not enough to keep himself out of the gripe of the law. If all "cunniug men" who have cheated and plundered the public, were to meet with their deserts, like this Dunant, we opine the House of Lords would cut a queer figure.

A farmer at Westhoughton, being on his death-bed surrounded by his family, with difficulty recited the state of his affairs. "I owe Mr. —— £10," said the dying man. "How he raves!" exclaimed his hearers. "Mr. —— owes me £20." he added. "Bless me, how sensible he is to the last!" said the mourners. "I owe Mr. —— £20," said the sufferer. "There, he's raving again," said his hearers.

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, FEB. 24, 1836.

I subjoin the London betting for Thursday. You will see that in the Derby, Mummy is rising.

Tattersall's, Monday, Feb. 22, 1836.

RIDDLESWORTH, P. P.

Even on Lord Jersey's lot.
2 to 1 agst Nell Gwynne.
4 to 1 — Babel colt.

PORTLAND HANDICAP, P. P.

4 to 1 agst Mundig (taken)	6 to 1 agst Dacre
6 to 1 — Birdline (taken)	10 to 1 — Hornsea.
6 to 1 — Rioter	10 to 1 — Pelops
6 to 1 — Revenge	15 to 1 — Tiber (taken)

100 even, the field against Mundig, Birdlime, and Revenge.
7 to 4 on the field, agst. Birdlime, Rioter, and Revenge (taken)
100 even between Rioter and Dacre, and the same between Revenge and Dacre.

THE DERBY.

2,100 to 300 agst Lord Jersey's lot.
10 to 1 — M. E. Peele's The Mummy (taken)
11 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Brother to Nell Gwynne.
16 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Brother to Riddlesworth.
20 to 1 — Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram (taken 25 to 1)
20 to 1 — Mr. Ridsdale's Brother to Bamfylde (taken 25 to 1)
25 to 1 — Mr. Chifney's Brother to Emiliana.
30 to 1 — Mr. Skipsey's The Bard.

THE OAKS.

5 to 2 agst Grenada and Marmalade (taken 3 to 1)
6 to 1 — Lord Wilton's Grenado.
6 to 1 — Mr. Greville's Marmalade.
9 to 1 — Mr. Allen's Promise.
16 to 1 — Mr. Armitage's Vesper (taken.)

The betting was very spirited on the Portland Handicap, and two or three horses for the Derby; in the former there is no change, and in the latter the only alteration was in Brother to Beiram, and Brother to Bamfylde, against whom the highest offers at the close of a busy afternoon, were 20 to 1 each.

For the Derby for 1836, there are 130 horses entered. The stakes are for £50 each, so that the winner must clear, independent of bets, to the tune of £6,490. This is worth running for.

There are already 25 entries for the Craven Cup, and 57 for the Liverpool July Cup.

The list of coming Steeple chaces is thus:—Egham, Feb. 25: Liverpool Feb. 25; Worcester, March 5, St. Albans, March 3, Dartford, March 17, and Alcaster, March 18.

For Manchester Races, (the third race, free handicap stakes, 10 sovereigns each) the entry has just been made;—94 horses, which, as 30 sovereigns will be added, makes £960 as the total stakes. Manchester Meeting is fixed for May 25, and the acceptances to this entry must be made by March.

ASCOT HEATH MEETING, 1836.—FIRST DAY.—Lord Conyngham's b. c. The Vivande, by Reveller or Pacha, out of Enchantress, by Sorcerer, agst Capt. Gardner's ch. c. Bildeston, by Bedlamite, out of Pincushion, by Sorcerer, or W's Ditto; both three years old, 100 b. ft. Last three quarters of the Old Mile; both horses were bought on Monday last, from a portion of Mr. Shard's stud.

Salisbury meeting, sweepstakes 30 sovereigns each, for colts and fillies: eleven entered.

Winchester meeting:—The Winton stakes of 30 sovs. each, for colts and fillies: eleven entered.

Cheltenham meeting:—Second year of the Cotsworth stakes, of 30 sovereigns each, colts and fillies: four entered.

Western meeting:—Sweepstakes of £25 each, colts and fillies: seven entered.

Stockbridge meeting:—Sweepstakes of £50 each, colts and fillies:—eleven amed.

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING, 1336.—WEDNESDAY.—Gold cup, value 100 sovs, the remainder, if any, in specie, by subscription of 100 sovs each, with 50 added by the club; three-year olds, 7st. 5lb. four, 8st. 8lb. five, 9st. 3lb. and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Three miles.

Lord Westminster's b c by Teniers, out of Bombasine, 3 yrs.
Mr Mostyn's b m Birdlime, by Comus, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Mostyn's br f Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede, 4 yrs.
Mr. Yates's ch c Sylvan, by Cain, 4 yrs old,

The Pengwern Stakes of 30 sovs each, 10 ft. for three year olds, 7st. 9lb. and four, 8st. 9lb.—One mile and three quarters.

Lord Westminster's ch c by Sultan, out of Rachel, 3 yrs old.
Lord Mostyn's br c by Trap-ball, by Battledore, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Mostyn's br f Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede, 4 yrs.
Mr. F. R. Price's br f Frances, by Emilius, 3 yrs. old.

The St. Winefred Stakes of 25 sovs each, for three years old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—One mile and a quarter.

Sir T. Stanley's ches. The Maid of Wirral, by Battledore.
Sir T. Stanley's brown, Lena, by Battledore, dam by Tramp, out of Gen. Mina's dam.
Sir R. Buckley's ches. Azalia, by Veloeipede.

Lord Chesterfield's mare, Katharina (Rowton's dam) had a fine colt by Priam, in January. His Lordship's mare, Malibran, had a filly, also by Priam, at the same time.

COUNTRY BETTING.—Rover has bounded on, at a slapping pace for the Chester Cup:—he is backed at Manchester and Liverpool, to a very heavy amount. Usury is steady: Jupiter has fallen a point. Tamworth asked after, but layers shy after 12 to 1,—but thirteen has been bid and taken. Oswald (property of the Marquis of Westminster) would be well supported at 100 to 6.

As for Scott's lot for the Derby, Manchester odds are in favor of Gladiator; a chestnut:—20 to 1 taken. The Cauld Lad of Hylton, Babel, and Weighton have each and all had their day—now it is Gladiator's turn. The Country betting, on Friday, was,

CHESTER TRADES CUP, p. p.

11 to 2 agst Red Rover, (tak)	13 to 1 agst Lady M. Carew.
7 to 1 agst Usury	16 to 1 agst Oswald (t)
8 to 1 agst Jupiter (t)	17 to 1 agst Hectic
10 to 1 agst Stockport (t)	20 to 1 agst Billinge (t freely)
10 to 1 agst The Stag	20 to 1 agst Turban
11 to 1 agst Altamount	20 to 1 agst Tulip (t 25)
12 to 1 agst Tamworth (t 13)	20 to 1 agst The Miner (t 25)

THE DERBY.

9 to 1 agst Nell Gwynne	20 to 1 agst Babel (offered)
11 to 1 agst The Mummy	20 to 1 agst Brother to Riddlesworth (offered)
14 to 1 agst The Cauld Lad of Hylton	20 to 1 agst Taishteer
20 to 1 agst Gladiator (t)	20 to 1 agst any other
20 to 1 agst Weighton (t)	4 to 1 agst Scott's lot (off)

THE OAKS.

13 to 2 on the field.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—The announced pedestrian feat of Townsend's came off on Monday, Feb. 22, the ground chosen being Shepherd's bush. It was a no easy task to accomplish, as embracing so many descriptions of pedestrianism. It was to pick up forty stones a yard apart with his mouth, and deposit them in a basket; to walk a mile, run a mile, and walk a mile backwards; trundle a hoop a mile, and wheel a barrow one mile—all of which was to be accomplished in an hour. Betting was 7 to 4 on time, but the takers were very shy. He started at about three o'clock, and picked up the stones in nine minutes and three seconds; he then walked his mile in ten minutes, ran the mile in six minutes fifty-nine seconds; wheeled the barrow in nine minutes fifty-four seconds, trundled the hoop in seven minutes forty-seven seconds—thus winning the match by four minutes thirteen seconds. The other match, to walk six miles and a half in the hour, did not come off.

Yesterday week, there was a pugilistic encounter, at Riddlestone, Surrey, (not far from London) between two light weights:—Allen 9 stone 2lb, and Lazarus, (a Jew) 9 stone 5lb. After a fair fight of 29 rounds, Allen gave over. No claret was drawn till the 10th round, and neither man received much punishment.

Molyneux and Butlar ere to have another fight.

To show the interest that races excite in England, I may state that the following gentlemen will act, this season, as stewards:—Heaton Park Meeting, Lord Robert Grosvener, (son of the Marquis of Westminster):—Newton Meeting, Lord F. Egerton, M. P. and Hon E. L. Mostyn:—Manchester Meeting, Hon. R. B. Wilkham, M. P. and Mr. Buckley. The public money laid out as stakes at the last meeting amounts to nearly £900.

ELOPEMENT AND GOOD GENERALSHIP.—On Wednesday a great sensation was created in Stockton-upon-Tees, by the elopement, on the preceeding evening of a fashionable young couple for Gretna-green. The gentleman, who has just attained his majority, is a young soldier, whose regiment is at Plymouth, and eldest son of a well-known clergyman and magistrate near Northallerton; the lady, who is about the same age, is one of the nieces of a retired soldier of great wealth at Stockton. The happy couple started from the latter place in a post-chaise at six o'clock on Tuesday evening; but on reaching Durham, the gallant son of Mars, though ardent with love, yet with the cool head of an experienced general, dreading pursuit, which he was certain would be quickly made, resolved to halt in that city rather than incur the risk of being thwarted in his purpose by undertaking the more protracted and hazardous trip to Gretna. The *ruse* proved successful; for within a few hours two gentlemen, relatives of the fugitives, arrived in hot pursuit at their retreat, Half-Moon Inn, and demanded admittance by a furious attack at the bells, doors, and windows, which was obstinately resisted by Boniface on account of the lateness of the hour, who, however, assured the gentleman on his honor that there were no such parties in his house, but that they had taken coach to Darlington. The pursuers on hearing this and never doubting such an assurance, and, moreover, unable to gather any intelligence from the post-boy who had driven the couple, or the ostler at the inn, both of whom were completely overpowered by the liberal treatment they had experienced—immediately started off for Gretna: where, on learning that the man of iron had not been honored with a job that week, they lay in ambush for some time in anxious expectation of the arrival of the lovers; calculating to pounce upon them upon the very threshhold of the "Smiddy." They, however, waited in vain, doubless not less to their chagrin than disappointment at being so completely outwitted; and thus the happy pair were left at Durham to have the Gordian knot tied at their leisure, and unmolested, the following morning. [Tyne Mercury.

DEER-HUNTING WITH THE CHETA IN THE DECCAN.

[From the Old London Sporting Magazine.]

SIR—I am one of those few individuals who have visited India for pleasure, and spontaneously, and from no lucrative motives whatever, exchanged the joys of merry England for the burning sun of an eastern climate. You may, perhaps, be somewhat surprised when I tell you I shall never for a moment repent the step I have taken; and though short as has been my sojourn here, still the unbounded kindness and hospitality which I have received from all has made so strong an impression on my mind, that I shall ever look back on the short time I spent in India as one of the happiest periods of my life.

I embarked on board a large free-trader bound for Bombay, in November 1834, and after an unusually long, though far from an unpleasant, voyage of near seven months, we reached our destination in safety (notwithstanding the many unkind and groundless reports of our being seen "bottom up") the beginning of June last. On our voyage, we were detained three weeks at Madeira, ten days at the Cape, and ten days at Colombo, which detention will in some measure account for our long passage. To me, who had come out for the sole purpose of seeing as much of the world as I could, all this was delightful, and my fondest wishes were gratified; but others, who had different objects in view, complained bitterly of our delay at these several ports.

In consequence of foul winds, we were driven into the Chagos Archipelago; and here (a matter of great importance to navigators, and to the commerce of India) our captain made a discovery of some new islands, an account of which, I dare say, by the time this reaches you, you will have seen in the English newspapers; as, therefore, the merit of a first discovery, or the assignment of a true position to land leading direct to Salomon Islands, and placed in a commanding situation to avoid the north-western dangers of the Chagos Archipelago, was justly due to him and his crew, he has announced that discovery (to use his own words) under the auspices of the highest and most venerated name which the maratime annals of Great Britain can display, associated with victory, and immortalized by glory. The islands to which he has alluded will bear the name of "NELSON," and the bank between these islands and the Salomon Islands he wishes to be styled the "VICTORY'S."

But, Mr. Editor, I must beg pardon for saying so much about maritime affairs (a matter, perhaps, of little or no interest to the readers of your valuable magazine), and proceed forthwith to the subject about which I have ventured to take up

——"My grey goose quill—
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will;"

and though far from posessing the pen of a ready writer, still I know not how to account for it, but just now

——"Tenet insanabile:
Scribendi cacoethes:"

and perhaps I ought to add

——"Et mens audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusant."

However, I have begun, and without further prelude or apology, must go on.

I ought, *imprimis*, to tell you that, from my earliest years, I have been infected with Hippomania—indeed, I may almost say I was born on a horse; and in proportion as *I* have grown older, so has my love for horses, hounds, and every kind of sporting increased: consequently, you may suppose I had a wonderful desire to witness some of the sports of the East. Unluckily, owing to the south-west monsoon, hog-hunting was out of the question, or—as I had a letter of introduction to one of the staunchest hog-hunters and best riders in the Deccan—I should doubtless have been gratified on this head. My stay at Poonah was also too short to admit of the many and tedious arrangements preparatory to a tiger-hunt. But the Governor of Bombay—Sir Robert Grant—said he was determined I should not quit the Deccan without being an eye-witness of the extraordinary manner in which it was possible to train so ferocious an animal as the Cheta to hunt deer.

Accordingly, Monday, July 6th, was fixed on as the appointed day; and at 2, P. M., having previously sent on the cheta in a bullock-cart four miles off, where we had heard of some deer, a large party of us, accompanied by the Governor himself, mounted our horses, and made a start. The first thing we had to do was to cross a river (by the way, a common occurrence in India), which was so deep as almost to compel our steeds, with us on their backs, to make a swim of it. However, on arriving at the appointed place, we found a herd of deer; and after the bullock-cart had approached them as near as it could without disturbing them, the cheta was unblinded and let loose. He ran for a quarter of a mile, but although he quickly caught them up, and could with ease have seized any one as his victim, he of a sudden stopped, and laid down. It was evident he was satiated by some means or other; and on inquiring, we found he had already devoured one deer to-day: notwithstanding this bad luck, the Governor wished to try *again*, and accordingly we endeavored to come up *again* with the same herd. We followed them for a couple of miles: but from being so recently disturbed, they had become perfectly wild, and would not suffer us to approach within any reasonable distance. As we were returning home, we found a second herd, and let loose the cheta about a hundred and fifty yards from them; but he ran only a short distance, and showed no symptoms of a ravenous appetite. We were all much disappointed in our sport, but determined to try again to-morrow. The keeper of the cheta was desired to give him no food, but start at two o'clock on the following morning to a well-known place of rendezvous on these occasions—and, as we were assured, a certain find. We only just reached Government House in time to dress for eight o'clock dinner.

Tuesday, July 7.—According to appointment, all those who intended to go out with the cheta were up soon after three. Coffee and cigars (a regular Indian custom—and, by the way, a very good one) were handed round the moment we were dressed; and at four we mounted our horses, and trotted on to the place of meeting, a distance of seven miles, where we found the bullock-cart with the cheta waiting for us. The Governor did not join us this morning. On our arrival, our beaters informed us they had not yet discovered a herd. Indeed, we went over a vast track of ground ere we espied our long-wished-for prey; and on coming up to this herd, we found them so wild that it was useless to let loose the cheta. We followed them for several miles, but to no purpose—we could never come within any reasonable distance of them.

The sun had now begun to dart forth its rays with its wonted fury; and some of the party, thinking we should only have a repetition of yesterday's ill luck, turned their heads towards home, disgusted. A few of us, however, were determined to persevere; and the sequel will show how amply we were rewarded for our patience.

About 10:30, A. M., we got within two hundred yards of a large herd; and, knowing that it would be in vain to attempt a nearer approach, we ordered the cheta to be unblinded and let loose. When he first sprang from the cart, he looked eagerly around him; and, after having distinctly viewed the herd with his fiery eyes, trotted quietly over the ploughed field until they began to move, when he immediately quickened his pace, jumped a nullah which intervened in beautiful style, and was very soon in the midst of them. He singled out a fine buck (the only one amongst the herd) as his victim, and brought him to the ground with one pat of his claw in splendid style. This was an unusually long run—half a mile. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the velocity with which this animal gets over the ground. The celerity and certain aim with which he makes his last three or four bounds is incredible; and what is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the whole, he brings down the deer without drawing a drop of blood, or leaving a single mark of violence. He seizes his victim just under the throat, and life is immediately extinct. He was allowed to hold the buck on the ground in this manner for about five minutes, when one of the keepers gave him a small portion of another recently killed, and, after very little trouble, he relinquished his grasp. He was then replaced on the bullock-cart, and blinded, and the buck fastened below; and though nothing but a small netting separated them, he never seemed to evince a wish to meddle with it.

The sun was now cruelly hot, and several of our party bitterly complained of cephalalgia. Of course, I was not yet so Indianised or acclimatised myself as to suffer no inconvenience from it; and unfortunately I had nothing to protect me but a common English hat, and therefore naturally felt it the more. I tied my pocket-handkerchief, however, over my ears and lower part of my face, which proved some little defence. We hesitated for a short time whether or no we should look for another herd, but the majority of us voted for a second chase.

After going about three miles further over the hills, we discovered a numerous herd, and thinking they might be wild, we took the precaution of sending the bullock-cart on one side of them, whilst we galloped round on the other, in order that, if they took to running, we might head them, and turn them towards the cheta. This plan answered admirably: the cheta was again let loose about two hundred yards (or perhaps rather more) from them, and we had a glorious chase of full half a mile, and as splendid a kill as the former; though he this time selected an immense large doe (merely from the circumstance of there being no buck in the herd), and was rather longer in bringing it to the ground than in our first chase. He was also not so inclined to let go his prey. The keeper was obliged to give him a quarter of the buck, and even then it was not without great difficulty that he released his hold.

Thus finished, Mr. Editor, an excellent day's sport; and nothing but the intensity of the heat at all marred our pleasure. It is certainly wonderful how an animal like the cheta (a species between the tiger and leopard) is able to be so completely tamed and trained to this sport. This animal is much larger than the generality of its kind. It belongs to Captain P—y, H. M. 4th Light Dragoons, and is celebrated for the number of deer it kills in this manner annually. There is not much riding required, as the chase rarely, if ever, exceeds half a mile: however, I was myself admirably mounted on a grey Arab horse belonging to the Governor—or, more properly speaking, one of Lady Grant's. The country is very open, though hilly; and you meet with many ploughed fields, but such a thing as a fence never occurs. The ground just now is particularly heavy, owing to the quantity of rain which has fallen during the present monsoon. The beaters, bullock-cart driver, and keepers of the cheta, notwithstanding the number of miles they had walked, cared not for the fatigue, but seemed to enter into the sport as much as ourselves; and so far from being inclined to go home, they asked Sir Robert's aid-de-camp if we would not try our luck a third time. This of course was out of the question, as we were twenty miles from Dahpoonee; added to which, we were engaged to a large ball at Poonah in the evening. We reached Government House at 4, P. M., having ridden the twenty miles in two hours, with a burning mid-day Indian sun over us, and were not a little glad to take some refreshment, and to find our heads once more under cover.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must bring this to a conclusion, and apologise to you for having intruded so much on your amusing pages with so poor an account. Indeed, I had not at first intended to have spun you so long a yarn; and, in bidding you farewell for the present, I can only say, I wish I had as much talent as I have had zeal and inclination to write this for your magazine.

I leave all my friends in the Deccan with *heartfelt grief*. I know of no language with which I can adequately thank them: and, short as has been our acquaintance, I shall be more than happy to renew it at any future period of my life. Fervent and lasting will be the sense of obligation under which I shall ever feel myself bound to them all, and none more especially and particularly than to His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant.

I start to-night for Bombay, where I hope to arrive in the course of to-morrow afternoon; but a journey of a hundred miles in India is, I assure you, equal to one of treble that distance in England. I sail thence to Madras, where I doubt not but that I shall meet with a continuance of the far-famed hospitality of the East; thence proceed to the Eastern Isles, Penang, Malacca, and Sincapore; and I trust the end of October or beginning of November will see me safe in China, at the wondrous city of Canton.

During my peregrinations, should I be a participator in any sport, an account of which I may think worth while forwarding to you, I will send it with pleasure; and if you deem it worthy of a place in your magazine, it is much at your service. At any rate, if I return to Bombay in January next, 1836, which is not improbable, I trust I shall be able to forward you an account of some good days' hog-hunting in the Deccan.

But another winter, Mr. Editor, at the farthest, and I hope, *Deo volente*, to be once more amongst you again, to enjoy the rapturous excitement of a fifty minutes' burst with Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds, from Stanwick Pasture or Hunt's Closes—to hear Tom Sebright's well-known voice—to see my friend Captain Beecher in all his glory, riding a steeple-chase over the Harborough country, and in fact to be where my heart and soul ever are—in the chase again.

One cheer more, ere I put down my pen, for the "happy land." Long may Britannia retain her sceptre! and long may she continue to inspire such feelings as always rise within me when I think of her, and make me exult in the reflection that I was born an Englishman! TYRO.

King's House, Dahpoonee, near Poonah, in the Deccan, July 8th, 1835.

THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

We have great pleasure in giving place to the following communication addressed to the editor of the Democratic Press, Lancaster, Pa., upon this subject. The humane and praisworthy example of our Pennsylvania friends, we hope to see imitated in other sections of the North.

Mr. Editor—The unsual severity of the nearly by-gone winter has proved very destructive to almost every species of game, particularly to the Deer and Partridge. The dangers of almost a total annihilation of the latter, was felt by the *honorable* sportsman, and not only excited his sympathy, but urged him to liberality in the use of his purse. At no inconsiderable expense, a few such persons saved from perishing during the winter, over five hundred Partridges, to be liberated as soon as the weather becomes mild enough, in order that they may propagate for the future. It is hoped and expected, that every real and *true* sportsman will exercise his endeavors to protect these poor and, at this time, emaciated birds, from wanton destruction or molestation, until the season again arrives for resuming the sports of the field.

In England the game are protected by laws, any violation of which subjects the perpetrator to a severe penalty. Although the subject has not been legislated upon in this country, nor any law of the kind enacted by government, still *there is a law* recogaized by every genuine sportsman, and that is the law of *honor*.—Were all to abide by it, and it is gratifying to be enabled to say that there are many who do, our solicitude for the protection of this delicious bird would be much abated, their increase be greatly facilitated, and the palate of the epicure be much ofetner regaled with them. The valetudenarian, when the weak and disordered stomach rejects almost every other kind of food, finds a zest in the Partridge, nor need he seek for it in vain, as is at present often the case, were a little more care taken with them.

Inclosed you have a list of the number of Partridges which have been preserved during the winter, with the names of the individuals who preserved them. It is as follows:—

T. Kepple and C. Phillippi,	195
Charles Neidly,	117
Isaac Eckert	60
Conrad and Bertolet,	32
William Lerch,	12
William Keim,	8
Charles E. Boyer,	30
Michæl Shultz,	12
John Easterly	36
John Christian	12
Joseph Schmucker	12
Francis Shalte	12
	539

The foregoing are all that have come to my knowledge, though there may be others who have thus praiseworthily protected the Partridge in this vicinity, during the late winter. Yours, with respect, HOWARD.

N. B. As the *Hawk* is very destructive to the Partridge, I am authorised to state, that a reward of 25 cents will be paid for the destruction of each one, if within 4 miles of reading, on producing the head and making application to Mr Thomas Kepple, or at the store of the Messrs. Kemis.

A PARISIAN GAMBLING HOUSE.—In a walk through the Rue Richelieu, my companion, Sir Henry L., proposed to gratify me with a peep into a great gambling house—the rendezvous of the nobility. I entered with becoming acquiescence through the hall, where servants in livery attended us, taking our hats and canes, and bringing us refreshments with princely ceremony.—Tables in some of the rooms were covered with gold, at which many ladies and gentlemen were playing.—Others were looking on with interest at the game.—Around about, some were coteried in corners, others strolling in pairs and groups through the rooms, while others again were rambling in an adjacent flower-garden, or seated in earnest conversation in its arbors. "That gentleman," said my companion, "with an Adonis neck and myrrhed and glossy ringlets, is the Duke de Broglie—that is the Marquis of Braganza, from Spain—and that is Prince Caramarica." I looked particularly at Lord Brougham, who had just arrived. I could discern immediately the great traits of genius—the bitter sarcasm—the overwhelming energy—which characterize this eminent man, in his strongly marked features.—And, if I had not been introduced to him, I should have marked him at once as a distinguished character.—Among the ladies, were the Princess of Orleans and her attendants, and the Countess of Blacas, and others of the nobility. A duchess at my left, (I have forgotten her name) had a look as haughty and uncondescending as if she felt the length of her genealogy. She seemed displeased at every body being introduced to her. But there was one young and beautiful—so beautiful—so beautiful that I could not, with all my efforts, keep my eyes from her; and I observed that she more than once reciprocated my anxious glances. I felt pleased at being the object of her attention. What an elegant countenance! thought I, what sweetness and simplicity of expression! How strange that, brought up amid the refinement of a court, she should maintain all the innocence of the dove! No one can hope, unless by some interposition of heaven in his favor, to know her and not to love her. In the midst of this rapture, and just at the moment when I had become *enchainee*, by the eyes of another lady opposite, Sir Henry dissipated the charm, by informing me that these were courtezans! The cloud burst from over my eyes, and I saw a group of the ugliest wretches I had ever beheld before. [Familiar Letters from Europe.

HEADS AND TALES FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH.

The Tin Trumpet, or Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish; to which are added Poetical Selections. By the late Paul Chatfield, M. D. edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq. 2 vols. 12 mo. London. 1836, Whittaker and Co.

To whomsoever we are indebted for the concoction of these volumes, we owe thanks for a very clever collection of scraps, and much amusing as well as instructive reading. We need not point out or care for the origin of the title, a *tin-trumpet* used by Dr. *Chat*-field as the president of certain social meetings at Harrogate; it will be enough for us to exact from it some of the most *chatty* and entertaining illustrations.

Of his *facetiæ* we may observe, that there is confessedly no want of trite and well-known jests, nor of venerable jokes of the illustrious Joe Miller, alias *Josephus Molitor*; but even these are often well bolstered up by the manner in which they are repeated, and we relish them almost as much as if they were novelties. Others are of less notoriety, and obtained from a number of various sources, ancient and modern: the whole alphabetically arranged under *heads*—sometimes brief *jeux d'esprit*, and sometimes *tales*, as indicated by the title. The graver remarks often display accuteness and ability, and are expressed in terse and forcible language; of all which we now proceed to offer specimens from the 1st volume.

We begin with an early example, *ab.*; —

"*Abscess*—a morbid tumour, frequently growing above the shoulders, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum; yet fools, fops, and fanatics, are very subject to it, and it sometimes attacks old women of both sexes. 'I wish to consult you upon a little project I have formed,' said a noble to his friend, 'I have an idea in my head—' 'Have you?" interposed the friend with a look of great surprise; 'then you shall have my opinion at once; keep it there!—it may be some time before you get another.'

Illustrating the words "*Absolute Government*," our author says:—

Few modern despots can calculate on being so fortunate as the Turk, Mustapha, who, having rebelled against his brother, was taken prisoner, and ordered for execution on the following morning. The sultan, however, being suddenly seized with the cholic, accompanied, perhaps, with some fraternal, as well as internal qualms, ordered the decapitation to be deferred for two days, during which he died, and his imprisoned brother quietly succeeded to the throne. 'O happy Mustapha!' exclaimed the sultaness, 'you were born to be lucky, for you have not only derived life from your mother's stomach, but from your brother's!'"

The following, under the word "*Accomplishments*," is equally just and agreeable:

"Some there are who, deeming dissolute manners an accomplishment, endeavour to shew by their profligacy that they know the world; an example which might be dangerous, but that the world knows them. Accomplishments are sociable—but nothing so sociable as a cultivated mind."

The definition of an "*Angler*" is very different from that recognised by the Walton Club, namely, "Angler—a fish-butcher—a piscatory assassin—a Jack Ketch—catcher of jack, an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, and a great gudgeon.

"Averse," he writer continues, "as we are from extending the sphere of the angler's cruelty, we will mention one fish which old Izaak himself had never caught. A wealthy tradesman having ordered a fish-pond at his country-house to be cleared out, the foreman discovered, at the bottom, a spring of feruginous-coloured water; and, on returning to the house, told his employer that they had found a chalybeate. 'I am glad of it,' exclaimed the worthy citizen, 'for I never saw one. Put it in the basket with the other fish, and I'll come and look at it presently.'"

The "*Antiquary*" fares little better than the Angler, for he is "too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget. His choice specimens have become rarities, simply because they were never worth preserving; and he attaches present importance to them in exact proportion to their former insignificance. A worthy of this unworthy class was once edifying the French Academy with a most unmerciful detail of the comparative prices of commodities at various remote periods, when La Fontaine observed, 'Our friend knows the value of every thing,—except time.'"

Our great theatres justify the following:—

"*Audience*—a crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes."

So much for letter A: now for B, which calls the *Bar* to the Bar, and is not sparing of that most prosperous profession, so rich in commissionerships, recorderships, judgeships, chancellorships, and other naval productions. *Ex. gr.*—

"*Bar.—Independence of the.*—Like a ghost—a thing much talked of, and seldom seen. If a barrister profess any professional or moral independence, it cannot be worth much, for a few guineas will generally purchase it. It must be confessed, that he is singularly independent of all those scruples which operate upon the consciences of other men. Right and wrong, truth or falsehood, morality or profligacy, are all equally indifferent to him. Dealing in law, not justice, his brief is his bible, the ten guineas of his retaining fee are his decalogue: his glory, like that of a cookmaid, consists in wearing a silk gown, and his heaven is in a judge's wig. Head, heart, conscience, body and soul, all are for sale: the forensic bravo stands to be hired by the highest bidder, ready to attack those whom he has just defended, or defend those whom he has just attacked, according to the orders he may receive from his temporory master. Looking to the favor of the judge for favor with their clients, and to the government for professional promotion, barristers have too often been the subject lickspittles of the one, and the supple tools of the other. M. de la B———, a French gentleman, seems to have formed a very correct notion of the independence of the bar. Having invited several friends to dine on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a barrister.—'Here,' said his master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, 'Go back directly, and buy me the barrister and the salmon too.' * * *

"*Barrister*—a legal servant of all work. One who sometimes makes his gown a cloak for browbeating and putting down a witness, who, but for his protection, might occasionally knock down the barrister. Shew me the conscientious counsellor, who, refusing to hire out his talents that he may screen the guilty overreach the innocent, defraud the orphan, or impoverish the widow, will scrupulously decline a brief, unless the cause of his client wear at least a semblance of honesty and justice;—who will leave knaves and robbers to the merited inflictions of the law, while he will cheerfully exert his eloquence and skill in redressing the wrongs of the injured. Shew me such a phœnix of a barrister, and I will admit that he richly deserves—not to have been at the bar! All briefless barristers will please to consider themselves excepted from the previous censure, for I should be really sorry to speak ill of any man *without a cause*."

To this we may add,—

"*Burglary.*—If the burgler who craftily examines a house or a shop, to see how he may best break into it and steal its contents, be a knave, what name should we bestow upon the Old Bailey Barrister, who, in the defence of a confessed thief, sits and examines the laws to asaertain where he may bost evade or break through them, for the purpose of defrauding justice and of letting loose a fellon to renew his depredations upon society! Bentham compares the confidence between a criminal and his advocate, to a compact of guilt between two confederated malefactors."

The account of a *Bookseller*, of course, claims a place among our extracts:—

"*Bookseller.*—There is this difference between the heroes of Paternoster Row, and the Scandinavian warriors in the Hall of Valhalla,—that the former drink their wine out of the skulls of their friends, the authors, whereas the latter quaffed theirs out of the skulls of their enemies. In ancient times, the *Vates* was considered a prophet as well as bard, but now he is barred from his profit, most of which goes to the bookseller, who, in return, generously allows the scribbler to come in for the whole of the critical abuse. It has been invidiously said, that as a bibliopolist lives upon the brains of others, he need not have any himself. This is a mistake. He has the wit to coin the wit that is supplied to him, and thus proves his intellectual by his golden talents. Many a bookvender rides in his own carriage: but I do not know a single professional bookwriter who does not trudge a-foot. '*Sic vos non vobis*'—the proverb's somewhat musty. —If they take our honey, they cannot quarrel with us if we now and then give them a sting."

It is well if *they* do not give the sting in return for the honey; or, as the vile custom is, destroy the bees after the honey is made, that they may enjoy all the sweets themselves. *Criticism* is also pretty well cut up:

"As the devil can quote scripture for his purpose, so can the practised critic, by severing passages from their context, and placing them in a ridiculous or distorting light, make the most praiseworthy work appear to condemn itself. A book thus unfairly treated may be compared to the laurel, of which there is honey in the leaves, but poison in the extract."

We now come to *C.* and under "Child spoilt," we have the following neat anecdote:—

"As a gentle hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visitor, to whom a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoilt brat. 'Not at all, madam,' was the reply; 'I am always delighted to hear such children cry.' 'Indeed! why so?' 'Because, in all well-regulated families, they are immediately sent out of the room.'"

Another anecdote is thus related:

"We have heard of a saucy knight of the shoulder-knot, who, on applying to the irascible Colonel B———, while he was at his desk, for the vacant situation of valet, asked permission to state beforehand that he never touched a boot, and inquired who was to do the black work? '*That* I do myself,' cried the Colonel, throwing the inkstand in his face; 'and, as you never touch a boot, I must make my boot touch you,'—with which words he kicked him down stairs."

Again:—"*Distinction* with a difference. 'I have no objection,' said a leveller 'that the ranks below me should be preserved just as they are now, but I wish to have none above me; and that is my notion of a fair and perfect equality.' An instance of the distinction *without* a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed: but, as he tried his smallest boot on his largest leg, he exclaimed, petulantly, 'Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other.'"

And again:—"*Distress*—Even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative. 'Such is the pressure of the time in our town,' said a Birmingham manufactrer to his agent in London, 'that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings.' 'Pooh! that is nothing compared to London,' replied his friend: 'we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!'"

"*Dram.*—A small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety, and no scruples of conscience. Horace Walpole records, that when one of his contemporaries died, in consequence, as it was currently said, of an over-addiction to brandy, the escutcheon affixed to the house of the deceased exhibbited the common motto of '*Mors janua vitæ*:' upon which a wag observed—"Surely there has been a mistake in this inscription: it should have been '*Mors aqua vitæ*.'"

"An inveterate dram drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, 'Well, that's a comfort, at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world.'"

"*Exaggeration.*—A Radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his decided opinion, that if they had their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth. On the other hand, an intended diminution, by the same figure of speech, may amount to an exaggeration. 'I have just met our old acquaintance Daley' said an Irishman to his friend, 'and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together.' Did the Hibernian sailor exaggerate or diminish when, in deseribing the weather, he said, 'There was but little wind, but what there was was uncommonly high.'"

"*Excuse.*—A gentleman, who had just put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends, discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. 'Scoundrel!' said his master, 'what do you mean by this?—'Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds, that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the yale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste.' Fuseli, when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that Nature put him out: and the sluttish house maid, when scolded for the untidiness of the chambers, exclaimed, 'I'm sure, the rooms would be clean enough, if it were not for the nasty sun, which is always shewing the dirty corners.'"

"*Epicure.*—An epicure has no sinecure; he is unmade, and eventually dished by made dishes. Champaigne falsifies its name, when once it begins to affect his system; his stomach is so deranged in its punctuation, that his colon makes a point of coming to a full stop; keeping it up late, ends in his being laid down early; and the *bon vivant*, who has been always hunting pleasure, finds at last, that he has been only whipping and spurring, that he might be the sooner at his own death!"

"*Epitaphs.*—Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left."

"*Friend, real.*—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity."

"*Hypocrisy.*—There is much hypocrisy in attempting to keep up the pleasures of the world from religious motives, when we only withdraw from it because we find a greater gratification in the pleasures of retirement. 'My dear children,' said an old rat to his young ones, 'the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me, that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance, in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered: but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction—never to come near me in my retreat. God bless you all!" Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wiping his paternal eyes with his tail, the old rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather by filial affection than by that curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole, made by his own teeth, in an enormous Cheshire cheese!"

[London Literary Gazette.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late BELA BADGER, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

JOHN RICHARDS, VALENTINE (imported.)
FLYING DUTCHMAN, CHIFNEY,
PRIAM.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse CONSTELLATION, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, Bay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua, and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

mar 12 New-York.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

TO THE LOVERS OF THE TURF.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, 23rd of March, at the New York Bazaar, if not sold previous, the full-bred and celebrated race horse SIDNEY, a beautiful bay and fine figure, seven years old this spring, near 15 1-2 hands high, sire by Sir Charles, dam by Thornton's Ratler. Pedigree and performance in full at sale. For particulars inquire of Thompson and Carvin, or R. Dunn, the rider and trainer of said horse, who now leaves him to return to England. R. DUNN,

mar. 19. Union Course, Jamaica, L. I.

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*: her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1825—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Saryedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. eech, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,

feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Isla nd.

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired ACCORDIONS of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coco-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales*, &c. &c. constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,

feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next.

First day, 3 mile heats, ... for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats, ... for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5 . . . . . for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash. mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

LEASE OF THE ALBANY THEATRE!

FOR SALE.—The subscribers, administrators of the estate of William Duffy, deceased, late manager of the Albany Theatre, offer for sale on very reasonable terms, the unexpired term of the lease of the said Theatre, together with a very extensive and complete Wardrobe, and a variety of Scenery, being the accumulation of many years, with every other article necessary for the carrying on of Theatrical entrtainments of every description—the whole in a condition to be put into immediate use. Also, the individual wardrobe of the late Mr. Duffy, comprising one of the largest and richest collections of theatrical dresses in the country. Applications may be made to the subscribers, at Albany.

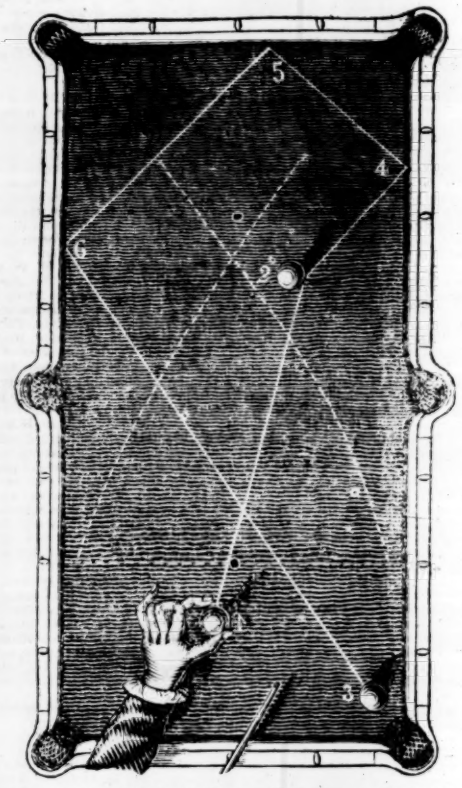
JOHN H. DUFFEY,
apr 2-6t JAMES DUFFEY, Administrators

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J., at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26

DIAGRAM OF A STRIKE AT BILLIARDS.



EXPLANATION. The Ball in hand, No. 1, will be played at Ball, No. 2, (which may be played on any part of the Table within the dotted lines,) angling off to cushion No. 4, thence to cushion No. 5, angling again to cushion No. 6, and to Ball No. 3.

The above is a diagram of the first of a series of *Angling Strikes* that will from time to time appear in The Spirit of the Times, designed and arranged by Mr. A. Bassford, the patentee of the "Indian Rubber Cushioned and Eagle Framed Iron Billiard Tables." He authorizes us to state that he will play the above described angles against any gentleman whatever, for the price of a new Billiard Table. This offer is made with the design of testing the superiority of the Indian Rubber over the Cloth Cushion, as the challenger will play upon his own table, and his antagonist upon one with a cloth cushion. The stakes are deposited in the Commercial Bank, and this match will remain open two weeks; who takes the money?

Mr. Bassford's saloons at 218 and 603 Broadway, are in great repute among players at Billiards. This India Rubber Cushions are highly spoken of as an improvement in true angling and beauty of shape, being very low; and as the Iron Eagles never shrink, the Frames are never liable to be out of order.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St., corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arraigned out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SIR GEORGE.

FOR SALE—The Full Bred Horse Sir George, five years old, 15 hands high, of a beautiful bay colour, sire, Sir Archie, dam, Henrietta. For particulars enquire of

STIMPSON & COWAN,
At the Bazaar, Crosby Street.

April 7, 1836.

TO SPORTSMEN.

FOR SALE an imported Cocker Spaniel, of superior breed eighteen months old. Apply at 36 CITY HALL PLACE. april 9—3t

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON, N. J.

RACES TO COMMENCE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH:—

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats. $50ent rance, half forfeit; and $50 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race, and to close on the 9th April.

SECOND DAY.—A Sweepstake as above. $25 entrance, and half forfeit. $50 added.

There will also be two purses given on the same days as above. The amount, &c., will be given hereafter. Entries for the above to be addressed to me.

mar. 19. JAMES DAVISON, Secretary.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.

jan 23: JOHN DREW.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW-YORK RACES.

THE GREAT SWEEPSTAKES, mile heats, for three year old colts, entrance $5000 each, half forfeit, will take place over the UNION COURSE, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1835.—SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Wm. R. Johnson names the full brother to Charles Kemble, by Archy, out of Pilot's dam.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. "Dosoris," by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

SAME DAY.—A match, mile heats, will be run over the above Course, (Monday April 25th, the same day of the great sweepstakes), between Captain Stockton's and Mr. Ro. L. Steven's three years old.

1. Mr. Stevens names his imported English filly, Caprice, by Muley.
2. Captain Stockton names his gr. c. by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.

ON TUESDAY, May 3d, will commence the First Spring Meeting of 1836.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday—A match, four mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, made by Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, and Mr. Ro. Tillotson, of New-York.

1. John Heth names br. f. "Margaret Armistead," (formerly called Rebecca Coleman), by imported Apparition, 4 years old.
2. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. "Admiral," by imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs. old.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250, six subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
2. R. F. Stockton names his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
3. Ro. L. Stevens names ch. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
4. Also, names English filly, by Muley, out of Caprice.
5. John C. Stevens names ch. f. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. W. Livingston names ch. c. by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies entrance $300, half forfeit; ten subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. J. H. Wilkes names b. c. by Henry, dam by Ariel.
2. James Bathgate names c. by Barefoot, dam Maid of the Mill.
3. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
4. Charles Green names Manhattan, by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. William Wynn, names ch. f. by Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall names full brother to Alice Grey
8. S. Ringgold, names ch. c. by Medley, dam Cresida, by Charles.
9. John C. Craig, names produce by Arietta, dam by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke names gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

SAME DAY—Purse of $300, two mile heats.

THIRD DAY, Thursday—A sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, forfeit $100; nine subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names filly out of Polly Jones.
2. R. S. Snedecor, names gr. f. by Henry, out of Thorne's Eclipse m.
3. G. T. Wilson, names f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. Wm. Jones, names f. by Barefoot, out of Eleanor
5. Jno. C. Stevens, names s. c. by Henry, out of Purity.
6. Alex. L. Botts, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity.
7. B. Seaman, names c. by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
8. Ro. L. Stevens, names "Envoy," by Memnon, out of Zarina.
9. Ro. L. Stevens, names c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

SAME DAY—Purse $500; three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY, Friday—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; four mile heats.

The Match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 Dollars a side, half forfeit, to take place the Second Spring Meeting, has been confirmed. The North to name at the starting post any horse owned and belonging north of Maryland—the South in like manner any south of the Potomac.

ALEX. L. BOTTS,
DAVID H. BRANCH.

March 26, 1836.

A Boy wanted at this office. Apply immediately.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING MEETING, 1836.

OVER THE OLD FASHIONABLE COURSE, within two miles of the city of Washington, D. C., (now greatly improved by the erection of spacious and commodious buildings for the Club spectators, and horses' extensive enclosures; the widening and smoothing of all obstructions in the track, wherefore it is now better adapted to speed than on any former occasion, equal in that and every other respect to any course,) will commence on the second Tuesday in May next, with the great sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; sub. $1000; forfeit $250, ten subscribers and closed.

1. Colonel J. M. Selden names c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of James Gettings and himself.
2. Major A. J. Donelson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Captain R. F. Stockson names br. f by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
4. Dr. A. H. Tyson names gray colt Frederick, by Byron, dam Ally Croker.
5. Colonel John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
6. Colonel Wm. Wynn names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. William H. Minge names Charles colt out of a Lucifer Mare.
8. Colonel R. B. Corbin names br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts name full sister to Juliana.

The entrance to the above stake will probably embrace as many fine colts of our most fashionable blood as will ever be brought together on any occasion—the own sister to Trifle and Juliana, Colonel Corbin's Charles colt, Capt. Stockton's imported colt, &c.,—all reserved to make their first appearance on the turf at Washington. Here is a chance to bet your thousands—every colt in training—all promising; each one has its backers, calculating to pocket the $10,000.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; sub. $200, $50 forfeit, six subscribers and close.

1. Charles Oliver names br. c. Lord Botetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. George P. Taylor names br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford and Brooks names ——, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Colonel James M. Selden names c. by Sussex, out of Brunette, sister to Gohanna.
5. Colonel Francis Thompson names Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Nixon, dam by Enclos.
6. Captain R. F. Stockton names c. Bergen.

SECOND DAY.—The Washington subscription plate, value $500, two mile heats, subscription depending on the number of subscribers, the winner to take the plate or money, at his option.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; subscription $200, forfeit $50; seven subscribers, and closed.

1. Thomas J. Goodman's colt.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles out of Sally Walker.
3. William D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
4. Samuel Spriggs names b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey names b. f. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Colonel James M. Selden names f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Colonel F. Thompson names ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clubfoot.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's purse $500, three mile heats; entrance $20.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; subscription $100, half forfeit; to name and close the 15th April.

FOURTH DAY.—National Jockey Club Purse $1000 in gold; four mile heats; entrance $30.

SAME DAY.—A Match Race.

From the number and character of the subscribers to the sweepstakes to come off here this spring, and the assurance to the proprietor that they will be here in person, promise a collection of from seventy to one hundred race horses, embracing every eminent turfite, and every nag of any distinction from Virginia to New-York.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor and Treasurer.

N.B. The proprietor may always be found at Brown's Hotel, when not on the couse. apr 2

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING MEETING OF THIS CLUB will take place the first Tuesday in May next.

FIRST DAY—Sweepstakes, Fifty Dollars entrance, free for all, 3 years old, 1 mile heats. Entrance to be made with the Proprietor the evening before the race.

SECOND DAY.—The Proprietors Purse, Two Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 2 mile heats, free for all ages, entrance Twenty-Five Dollars, two or more to make a race.

THIRD DAY—Jockey Club Purse, Four Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 3 mile heats, Twenty-Five Dollars entrance, free for all ages.

FOURTH DAY—Handi Cap Race for the balance of the Jockey Club money, best 3 in 5, free for all, entrance Fifteen Dollars.

Rules of the Course to govern.

The Proprietor would inform the public, that the tract will be in first rate order, and that he will have every accommodation for those that will attend the meeting.

apr 2 ELI ABBOTT, Proprietor.

TRENTON RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence on 19th of April, 1836. Amount of Purses and Sweepstakes, Four Thousand Dollars. Sweepstakes for three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed January 1, with 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater names *Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
2. Samuel Laird " *Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman " *Dusky-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis " *Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
7. J. C. Stevens " *Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott " *Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms " *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
1. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
10. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

And a Purse of Two Hundred Dollars, mile heats, free only for 4 year old colts and fillies.

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added; free only for three-year-old Colts and Fillies; and a Purse of 300 dollars, 2 mile heats, free for all ages.

THIRD DAY.—Purse 500 dollars, 3 mile heats, for all ages; and Citizen's Purse, (not less than 200 dollars); best in five, for all ages.

☞ Horses will date their ages from 1st January. The weights carried will be:—For aged horses 126 lbs; 6 years old, 121 lbs; 5 years old, 114 lbs.; 4 years old, 104 lbs; 3 years old, 90 lbs, with an allowance of 3 lbs for fillies and geldings.

☞ Distances the same as upon the "Union Course," Long Island.

April 2d, 1836. O. BAILEY.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Washington Course, D. C.

1. A SWEEPSTAKES to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $1000—forfeit $250. Ten subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of Jas. C. Gittings and himself.
2. Maj. A. J. Donelson enters b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters imported c. Longford, out of Peri by Starch.
4. Doct. A. H. Tyson enters gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alikroker.
5. Col. John Heth enters the full sister to Trifle.
6. Col. Wm. Wynn enters ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. Wm. H. Minge. (Mr. Minge's entry has been mislaid.)
8. Robt. B. Corbin enters br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Nullifier's dam.
9. Wm. R. Johnson enters gr. c. by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts enter full sister to Juliana.

2. A sweepstake to be run spring meeting 1836, for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, subscription $200, forfeit $50. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Charles Oliver enters b. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. Geo. P. Tayloe enters br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford & Brooks enter ——, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sussex, out of Brunette (sister to Gohanna).
5. Col. F. Thompson enters c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Ninon D'Enclos.
6. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters c. Bergen.

3. A Sweepstake to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year olp colts and fillies, mile heats, bred in Maryland or the District of Columbia, and within fifty miles of the district.—Subscription $200, forfeit $50. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. Thos. J. Godman's entry is dead.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. enters ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
3. Wm. D. Bowie enters Charles Magic.
4. Saml. Sprigg enters b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey enters b. c. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Col. F. Thompson enters ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Club Foot.

4. A produce stakes to be run spring meeting, 1838, for three year olds, mile heats. Subscription $300, forfeit $100. Eleven subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Aurora, by imp. Autocrat.
2. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe enters the produce of Black Sal, by imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver enters the produce of Flora, by O'Kelly.
4. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall enters the produce of Thistle, by Sussex.
6. John H. Sothoron enters the produce of Maid of Patuxent, by Tychicus.
7. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Lady Badger, by Monsieur Tonson.
8. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of imp. Isabella, by imp. Barefoot.
9. Jno. M. Botts enters the full sister to Tobacconist.
10. Gen. A. Hunter enters the produce of the dam of The Captain.
11. A. H. Tyson enters b. f. the produce of ch. m. by American Eclipse and Luzborough.

5. A produce stakes for three year olds, to be run spring meeting, 1839, mile heats. Subscription $1000, forfeit $200. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Miss Chance, by Chateau Margaux.
2. Col. W. L. White enters the produce of the dam of Moscow and Sir Philip, by Goliah.
3. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by imp. Tranby.
4. Capt. Y. N. Oliver enters the produce of Flirtilla, Jr. by American Eclipse.
5. Thomas Watson enters the produce of Tuberose, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Bowie enters the produce of Agility, by Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of Eliza Riley.
8. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of the dam of Mazeppa.
9. Messrs. Gilmor and Tyson enter the produce of Sally Walker, by imp. Tranby.
10. John M. Botts enters the produce of Mischief, by Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare enters the produce of Miss Waxy, by Monsieur Tonson.
12. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Flirtilla, by Chateau Margaux.
13. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. M'Clanahan enters the produce of the dam of Donna Maria, by Monsieur Tonson.
15. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Screamer, by imp. Tranby.
16. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Nancy Dawson, by Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig enters the produce of Reality, by Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin enters the produce of Betsey Haxall, by American Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Madam Lavalette, by American Eclipse.
20. Philip Wallis enters the produce of Lubly Rosa and imp. Tranby. mar. 19.

SPLENDID MATCHES,

TO BE RUN OVER THE PHARSALIA COURSE, at Natchez, Mississippi:—

FRIDAY, April 15.—A match race, Two Hundred Dollars a-side, two miles out, between—
1. Mr. Conly's s. c. *Splendid*, by Waxy.
2. Major Herring's s. c. *Waxy*, by Waxy.

FRIDAY, April 29.—A Match race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Bertrand.
2. Mr. J. Rocheleau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab.

SATURDAY, April 30.—A match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

TUESDAY, December, 1836.—A match race, mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, January 29, 1837.—A Match race, four mile heats, for Two Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard-Heart*, by Mercury.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1837.—A Match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. W. Bayle's s. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

The number of horses which I have in training has increased to SEVENTY. Among them are to be seen Betsey Malone, and Lauderdale, of *Alabama*; Susan Yandell, Cassandra, Longtail Blue, Margery Greer, Betsey Smith, and Jim Polk, of *Tennessee*; Splendid, and Humming Bird, of *Kentucky*; Piano, and Prince Talleyrand, of *Louisiana*; Antelope, Red Maria, Betsey Rochleau, Hard-heart, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Naked Truth, Yazoo, and La Quip, of *Mississippi*.

J. C. SELPH, *Proprietor*.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - - Lafayette Course, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th. First day, match, 4 mile heats, $17,000 to $15,000, between Argyle and the choice of John Bascomb, Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, or Bolivia.
BELFIELD, Va. - - - - - - Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
BROAD ROCK, Va - - - - - Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - - - Central Course, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - - - - Near N. Y. city, grand Trotting Sweepstakes, Friday, 6th May.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - - - Jockey Club, Western Course, Tuesday, 3d May.
DIAMOND GROVE, Ill. - - - Jockey Club, Thursday, May 26th.
DAVISON'S COURSE, - - - - Near Trenton, N. J., Wednesday, 13th April.
FAIRFIELD, Va. - - - - - - - Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 27th April.
GRENSBURG, Ky. - - - - - - Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats, Angora vs. Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept
JEFFERSON Co. Va. - - - - Jockey Club, Wednesday, —th May.
KENDALL COURSE, Md. - - Near Baltimore, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Third Tuesday in April, 19th.
LEWISVILLE, Ohio. - - - - Coshocton County, Thursday, 5th May.
LYNCHBERG, Va. - - - - - - - Third Tuesday, 17th May.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - - - - - Jockey Club, First Wednesday, 6th April.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - - - - Jockey Club, Wednesday, 13th April.
MADISONVILLE, Miss. - - - Monday, 23d May.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - - - Jockey Club, Thursday, 21st April.
NEWMARKET, Va. - - - - - First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
NEW-YORK CITY. - - - - - Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 3d, " Monday April 25th, Great Sweepstakes, $15,000.
RAHWAY, N. J. - - - - - - - Fourth Tuesday, 26th April.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va. - - - - Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, Wednesday, 4th May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - - - - Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April. " Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - - - - Second Tuesday, 10th May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature and the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day: and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Keplor,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood,	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood,	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Howa.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). - - - - - - - - $5 00
For Six Months. - 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—
First insertion, per square of 22 lines. - - - - - - - - - $2 00
Each subsequent insertion. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.